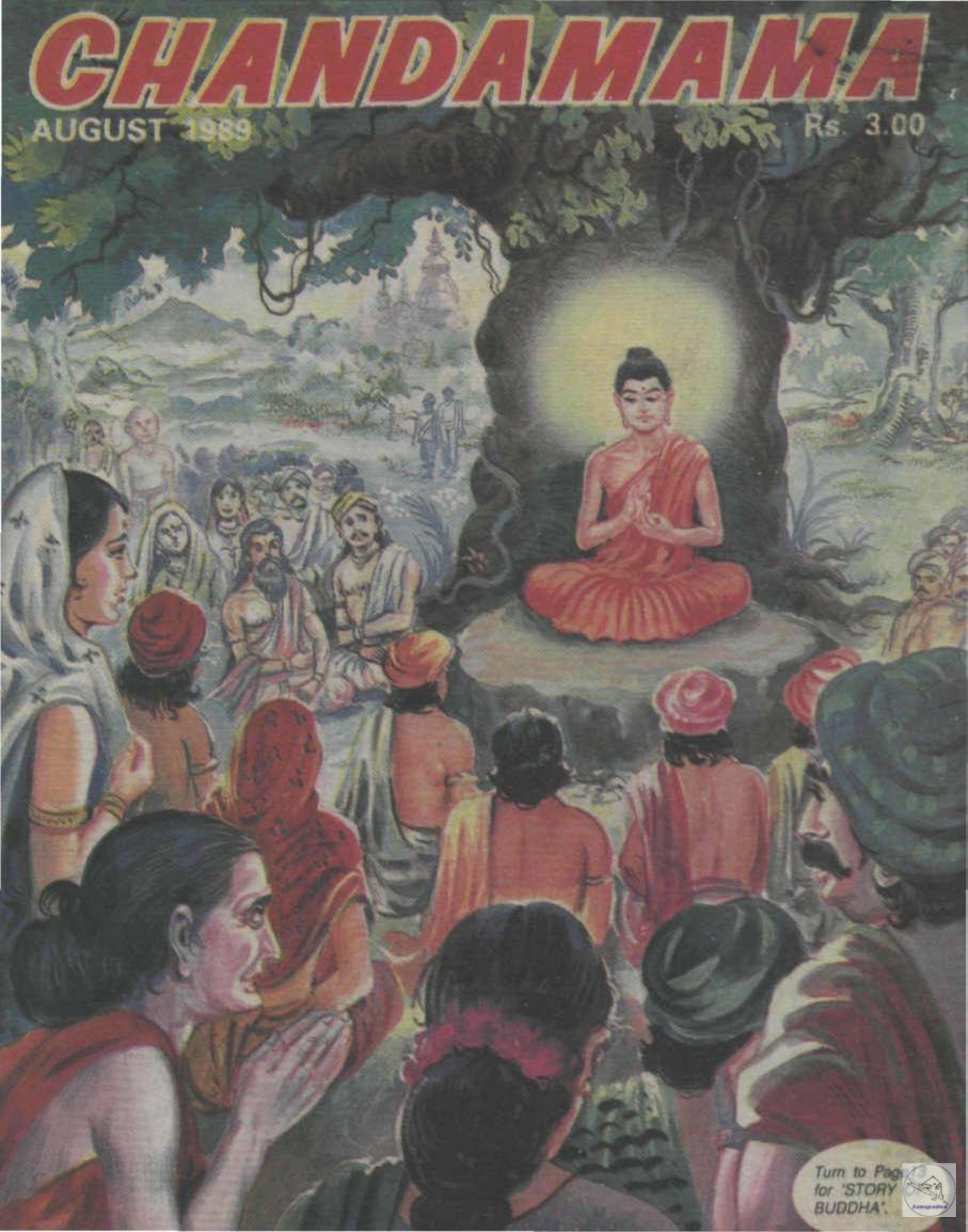


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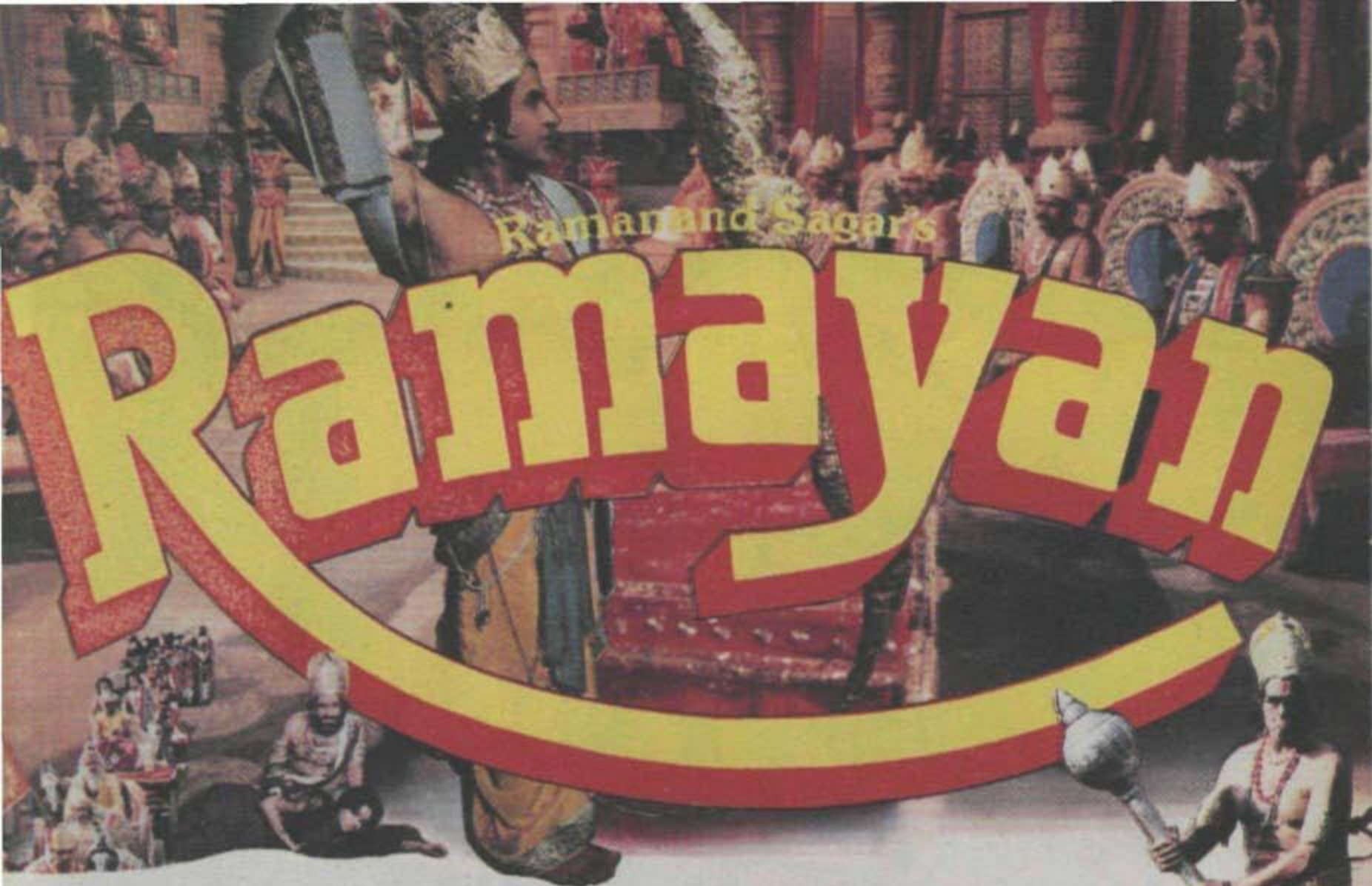
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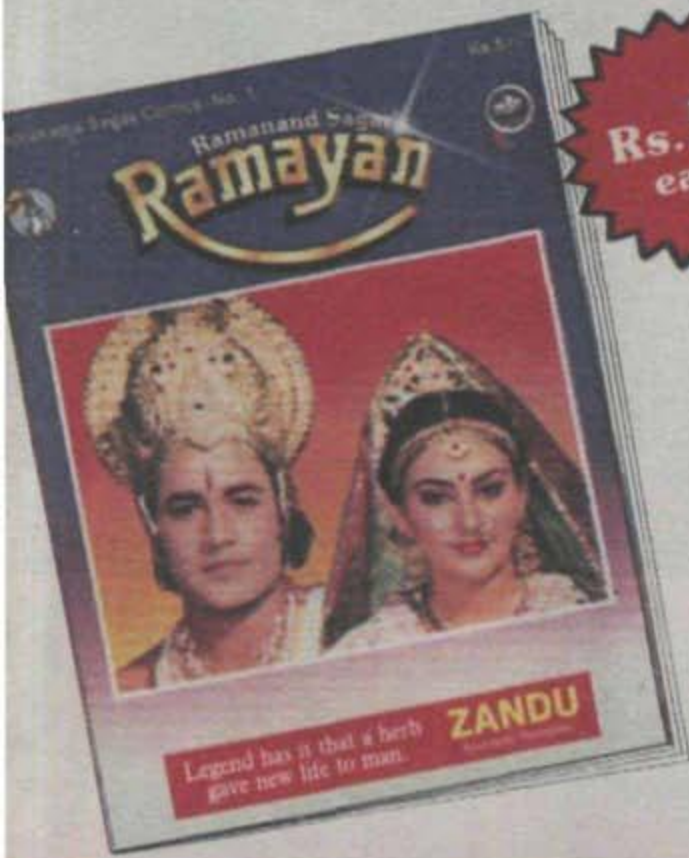


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PARRY'S PAGE

Hello Kids

Something even more exciting has happened to the Parry's Page! We (my helpers — Caramilk, Coffy Bite, Try Me, Lollipop and I) will now bring you a page full of fun on one interesting subject. Like this time we're off to the zoo! So you'll learn some fascinating facts, get funny titbits and get to know a whole lot of new things about animals. If you keep cutting out and collecting these pages, you'll have a little encyclopaedia of your own very soon!

Soldier Pigeon!

A pigeon was awarded a medal in the First World War for carrying messages through the gunfire in France. How's that for bravery?



THE KING OF SWEETS

Off to the Zoo

Cheeky Chimp!

Visitors at the London Zoo generally threw money at the chimps after watching their funny tricks. One cheeky chimp used to pick up the money, go to the zoo cafeteria and buy himself chocolates!



All animals drink water?

All animals need water, but some never drink. A few lizards absorb water through their skin. Some desert rodents obtain water by eating dew-soaked and moisture-filled plants. That's how they survive without actually drinking water.



Animal-body-talk

Did you know that those tiny little ants that you can barely see have 5 noses!

Poor little snakes... can't close their eyes — they have no eyelids!

And the long necked giraffe can't cough. But, he often gets throat infections... can you imagine a sore throat that long?!

Did you know an elephant's tooth weighs about 9 pounds — quite a mouthful, isn't it?

True or false?
Camels store water
in their humps...

The hump is not a water tank. It is made up of fat. The fat nourishes the camel when it does not have food or water. That's how a camel can go on for 3-4 months without water.

Sock-pet

If you don't have a pet of your own, don't worry, here's your own SOCK-PET PUPPET! All you need is an old sock and things like buttons and old rags to stick on as eyes, ears, teeth and a nose. Then push your hand into the sock, keeping your fingers in the toe area of the sock and the thumb in the heel area of the sock. Push in the sock from below your fingers to form a mouth and your puppet is ready to move its mouth, while you talk!



Hungry?

Think of pythons
They can live happily on
just one meal a year.

Pet polar

Do you have a
pet? Well, King
Henry VIII kept
a polar bear!



THE KING OF SWEETS

CAUTION



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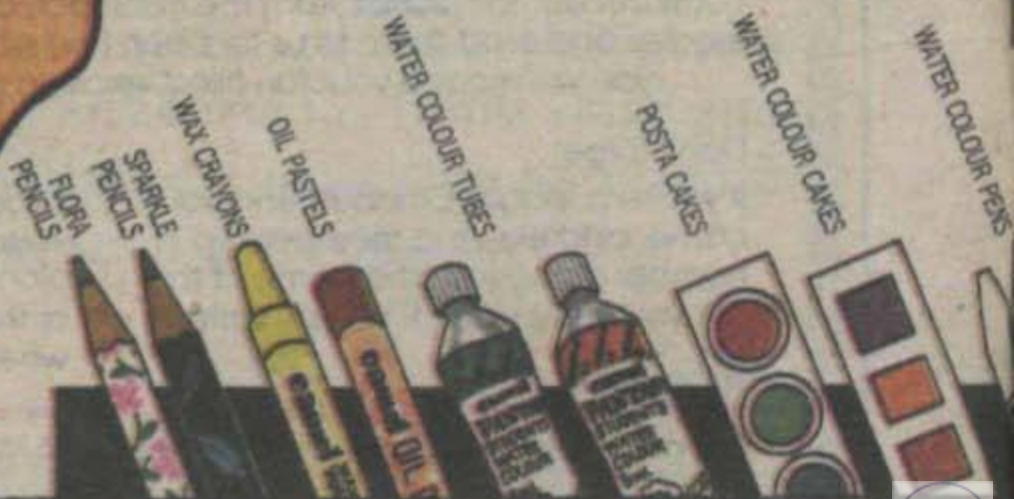
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and More.**

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ENCOUNTERS WITH THE BUDDHA: Interesting events that took place as the Buddha went on preaching.

THE FREEDOM STRUGGLE GATHERS MOMENTUM: In the *Saga of Nehru*.

A humorous story through comic pictures, a bunch of refreshing tales and all the regular features including *Towards Better English*.

Thoughts to be Treasured

And so the wheel of change moves on, and those who were down go up and those who were up go down. It was time it moved in our country. But we have given it such a push this time that no one can stop it.

Jawaharlal Nehru



Controlling Editor:
NAGI REDDI



Founder:
CHAKRAPANI

THE RIGHT STORY FOR THIS MONTH

We draw your special attention to the comic story featuring Birbal in this issue. This is a simple story, but there is a great lesson behind it. Everybody thought that he alone was clever; he alone poured water into the well while all the others were pouring milk and so nobody will catch him. But the result was, the whole well was filled with water. The well can be taken as a symbol of India. If every Indian thinks that he can break a rule here or be a little dishonest there, what will happen to the country? Let us ponder over this question in this month of India's Independence.



GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

मर्कटस्य सुरापानं ततो वृश्चिकदंशनम् ।
तन्मध्ये भूतसंचारो यद्वा तद्वा भविष्यति ॥

*Markatasya surapānam tato vrischika damsanam
Tanmadhye bhutasamcharo yadvā tadvā bhavisyati.*

As it is the monkey is fickle-minded. Over and above that if he is drunk, bitten by a scorpion and possessed by a spirit, he would behave unpredictably. (So would a weak person given to these vices.)





WALKING ON WATER

A young man hailing from Bangladesh who has made India his home, has invented a kind of shoes which should enable one to walk on water. Each of the shoes has two mini air-pillows which keep the body afloat. The technique is yet to be perfected.

'PRINCE OF SERPENTS'

N. Parthasarathy popularly known as the 'Prince of Serpents', loves to live dangerously. His one obsession is to collect deadly serpents and scorpions and keep them as pets.

"Many people love snakes but no one comes this close," says Parthasarathy and matches his words with incredible action. Filling his mouth with water, he takes a cobra from his travelling bag and allows the serpent to drink from his mouth. He then pitches one of his eyes with a huge scorpion which leisurely criss-crosses his face and then drops into his lip.



FOREST BY WOMEN

Pramila Bon, a forest to be developed and maintained exclusively by women, will come up soon in West Bengal. First of its kind in the country, it will be developed as an economic forest. Women in and around the forest will be involved with the project so that they are able to earn their livelihood.



STORY OF

BUDDHA

—By Manoj Das

(When Siddhartha was sure that he had got the true knowledge, he became ready to impart the knowledge to others. He found those five mendicants who had once served him, near Varanasi and made them his disciples, to begin with.)

THE EARLY DISCIPLES

While the Buddha camped in the park near Varanasi, one morning a young man came running to him and fell at his feet. From the clothes he wore it was obvious that he came of a wealthy family. But his face was marked by distress.

“What ails you, young man?” asked the Buddha.

“O Great Soul, that is a question I am unable to answer! I feel bewildered with my own condition. I woke up at midnight and found my wife and all the members of my family and our servants, lying asleep, as good as dead. I thought, soon it will be morning and these people will rise and get busy with numerous



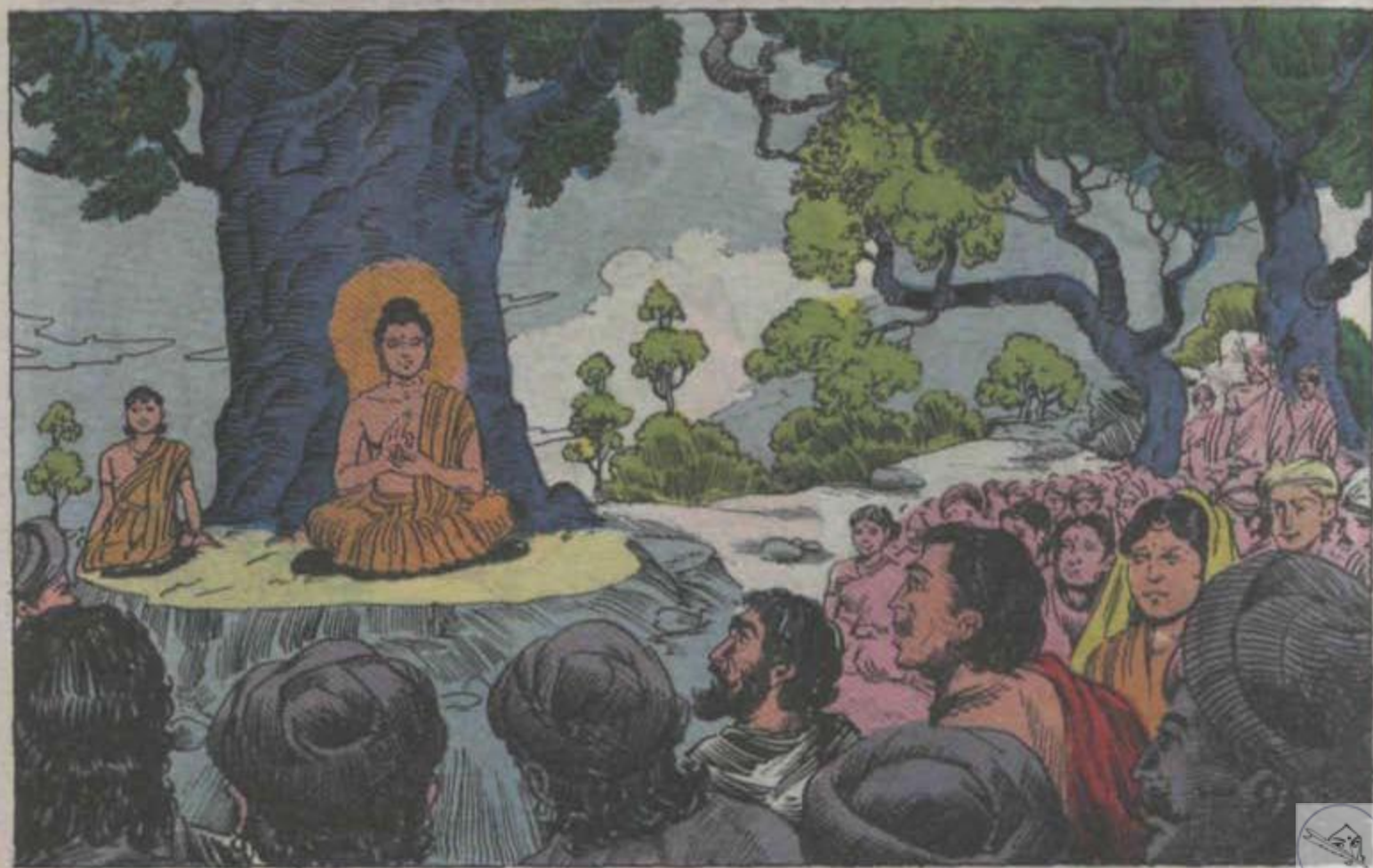
chores. The day will be over and each one will enjoy a hearty meal and fall asleep once again. And there will be a time when one of them will not get up from his or her sleep at all. This will happen to each of them, though not at a time. What is the meaning of all this?" said the young man.

"My son, there is meaning in these things for those who are not disturbed by this question. So far as you are concerned, there is no meaning in them. You must follow the path of liberation from this puzzling life leading to death and death leading to birth!" said the Buddha and he agreed to impart the right knowledge to

this young man whose name was Yasa.

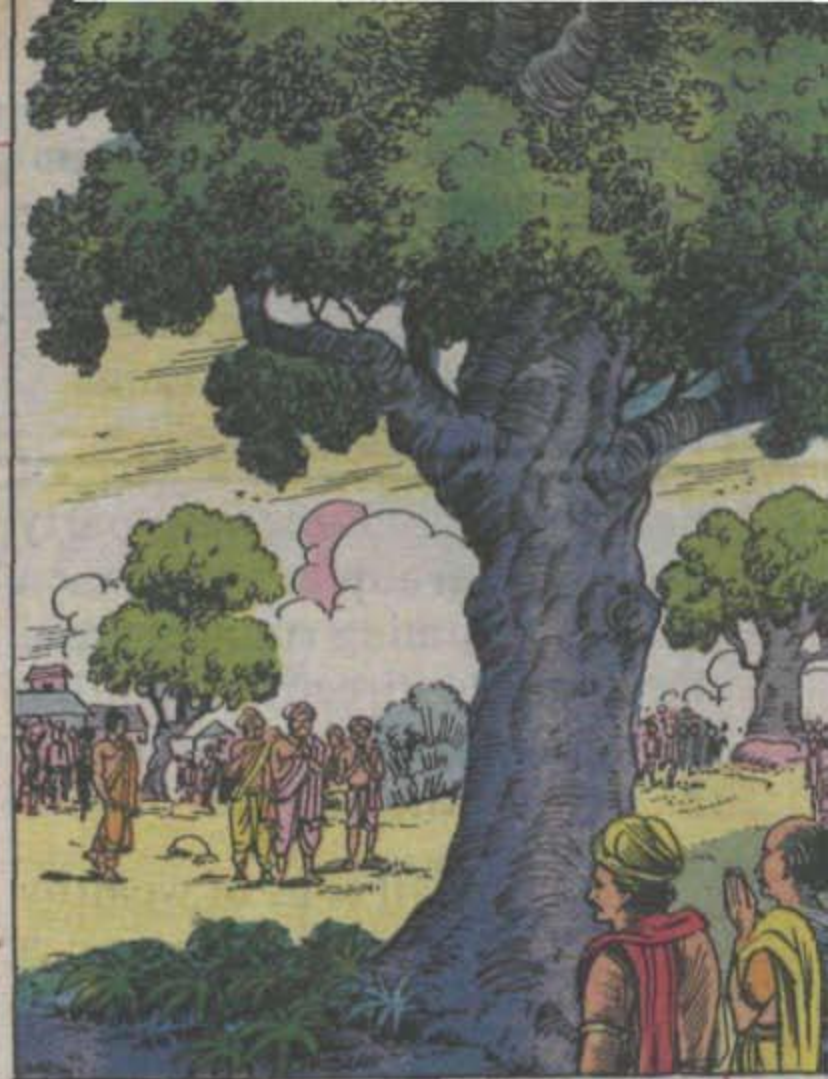
Yasa's father, a prosperous merchant, came looking for his son. Yasa sat by the Buddha's side, but the merchant could not see him, for the Buddha was speaking to his disciples and the merchant felt charmed by his talk. By the time the Buddha's talk ended and the merchant could see Yasa, he had lost the urge to take his son back home. Now his only urge was to become the Buddha's disciple himself. Soon Yasa's mother, his wife and also four of his friends became the Buddha's disciples.

The Buddha asked his disciples



to follow eight principles — to be known as the Eightfold Path. A follower of the Path ought to cultivate right thinking, by which he would know what is true and what is untrue. Secondly, he should always remember his motive, which is to attain the true knowledge. He should not deviate from the discipline leading to such knowledge. Thirdly, he must exercise control over his speech; he should not utter words of excitement, should not exaggerate or lie. Fourthly, he should practise right action — actions that cause no harm to anybody, actions inspired by noble intentions. Next, he should take recourse to right livelihood. That is to say, he must not earn through deception or such means which are not pure or which are violent. The seventh principle was the rule of right effort. One should not beat in the bush, but with a clear conscience, strive to get results which are just, which are rightly due to him. Surely, to achieve a goal through flattery or lies cannot be termed right efforts!

The last principle of the Eightfold Path is the right Consciousness. One does not look at the world with himself as its centre;



one is no longer prompted by one's ego; one has no hatred or anger or desire for anything when one lives in the right state of Consciousness.

If the Eightfold Path was meant for such people who were householders, who were in business or service, more strict disciplines were prescribed for those who were prepared to abandon their worldly preoccupations and follow the Buddha as monks.

* * * *

The Buddha decided to return to Uruvela. As he walked through the villages with his followers, the villagers would

come forward and bow to him. Even though they did not quite understand what he taught, they felt that he was a messenger of peace and all that is noble.

One afternoon, at a turn of the road, the Buddha's party met with a group of young men who were coming running from the opposite direction, panting and sweating. They stopped at the sight of the ascetics.

They were all sons of wealthy men. They were camping on a lake, feasting and making merry in many ways. A courtesan they had hired to entertain them had escaped with their gold and money while they were enjoying a nap.

"Have you seen a gaudily dressed woman? She has run away with our wealth!" the young men told the Buddha.

"How can anyone run away with your wealth? Your true wealth is within you!" observed the Buddha.

The unexpected answer surprised the young men.

"Look here, young men, there are two ways before you. Either you try to find the courtesan or you try to find your true self. Which of the ways would you choose?" asked the Buddha.

A great change came over the young men. They stood looking at one another. Then one of them came forward and said, "O Master, show me the way to finding my true self."

One by one all the other members of the party also made similar requests to the Buddha. The Buddha blessed them and taught them.

To continue





THREE LUCKY BROTHERS

Long ago there was a villager named Gopinath who had three sons. He brought them up with due care.

One day he summoned them and said, "It is time for me to tell you something very important. A hermit, pleased with me for a certain service I rendered him, had given me three hundred gold coins. He had assured me that if one had the right spirit of adventure and courage, one could get far greater things done by this money than three hundred gold coins would ordinarily do. My sons, I must confess that I had neither such spirit nor so much courage. But I trust that all of you have such qualities in you. Let me distribute the money equally among you. Go out separately into the wide world and try to get hold of

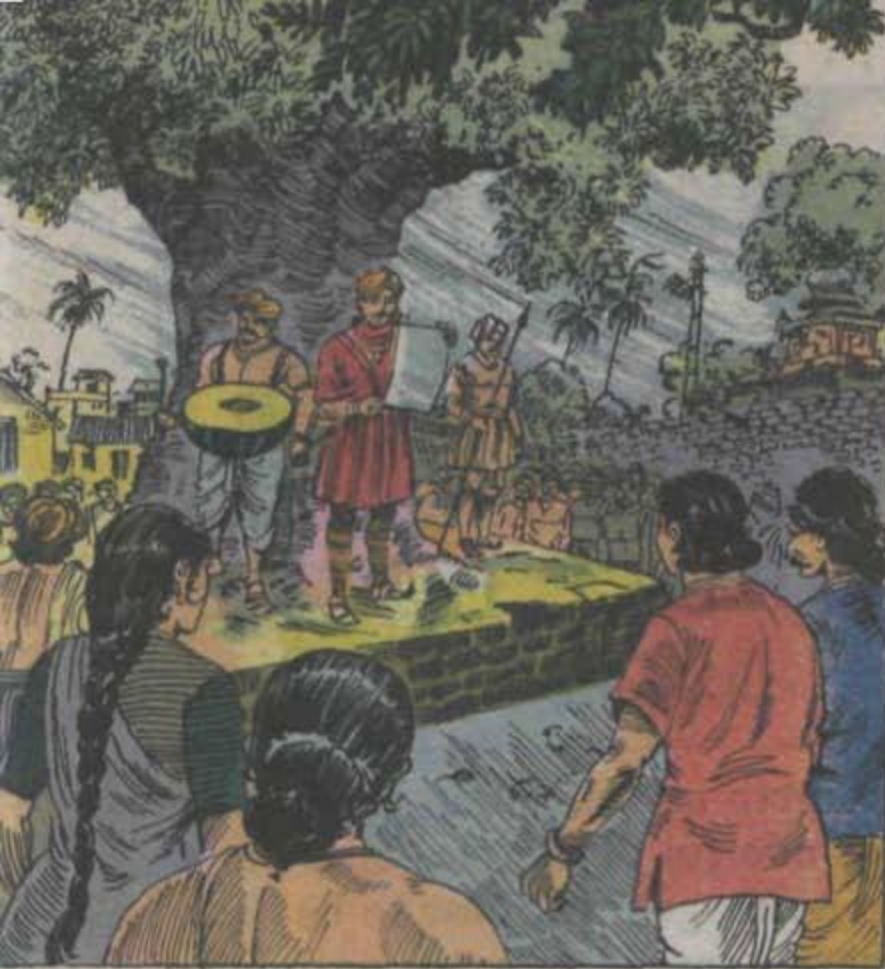
something unusual, something wonderful. I am leaving on a pilgrimage. I propose to be back here after six months, on a full-moon night. You too must return by then."

Gopinath handed out a hundred gold coins to each of his sons. Next day the father went out on his pilgrimage and the sons dispersed in search of unusual and wonderful items.

After six months they all returned home on the full-moon night.

"Let us see what you have brought," said the hopeful father.

"Father, I know that you were praying for our success in our missions all this time. I have secured a magic mirror from a wizard. I could not have bought it with money. He was pleased



to give it to me. But I sustained myself over the period with the help of the money you gave me,” said Rajnath, the eldest son.

“What is the speciality of your mirror?” queried the father.

“If something precious is lost or some human being is kidnapped, the mirror will show where exactly the thing or the human being is. But the mirror will work for such a purpose only once. At other times it will work only as an ordinary mirror,” said Rajnath.

The second son, Bhimnath, had brought a magic horse. It had been given to him by a tantrik. He said, “At a critical

time the horse can carry us anywhere on earth, flying at great speed, and bring us back home. But it can perform such a feat only once. At other times it will work as an ordinary horse.”

The third son, Somanath, had obtained a magic ring through the kindness of a hermit. It dazzled like a star. If one put it on and touched it three times on one’s forehead, one would become invisible for a while. But it would work out such a miracle only once. At other times it would remain an ordinary ring.

“Excellent,” exclaimed the father. “These are unusual and wonderful things indeed! But the question is, how are these things going to help you in earning your livelihood? After all, they would work miracles only once!” said the father thoughtfully.

But an unusual situation arose the very next day. A certain wicked wizard whisked away the princess, the only child of the king. The royal announcers made it clear that one who can rescue the princess would become eligible to marry her. He would naturally succeed the king to the throne!

The three brothers decided to



act immediately. Rajnath looked into his mirror and wished to know where the princess was. He saw that she was a prisoner in a castle situated in a remote island.

There was no time to lose. The second brother, Bhimnath, took the youngest Somanath with him and mounted his magic horse and whipped it, wishing to reach the remote island. The horse rose to the sky and flew at the speed of sound. The two brothers reached their destination in no time. Bhimnath waited before the castle with his horse. Somanath, with the help of his magic ring, made himself invisible and went into the castle. He found the

wicked wizard menacingly telling the princess: "Either marry me, or get ready to lose your head!"

With a swish moved Somanath's sword. The wizard lost his head. Somanath took off the ring and became visible. He led the princess out of the castle. Then the two brothers returned home with the princess.

"Excellent!" exclaimed the father once again. "But who should marry the princess?"

The three brothers looked at one another and said, "Father, we were just anxious to rescue the princess, for we had the power to do so. We have never given a thought to the issue of





marriage. We will do as you say!"

"Not as I say, but as the princess says! First let her meet her parents," said the father.

The three brothers escorted the princess to the royal palace. The king's joy knew no bounds.

"Tell me, my daughter, who should marry you and succeed me to the throne? I wish to retire from my kingly duties the very next month," said the king.

"Father," said the princess, "in any family the first to marry

should be the eldest son. Besides, it is by virtue of Rajnath's mirror that I was located. Bhimnath and Somanath could not have done anything without that. Hence I should marry Rajnath. But, father, I request you to make Bhimnath the general of our army and Somanath the minister."

The king agreed to this. The three brothers were proved lucky. The proudest man, of course, was their father.

THE TEST

Prabir: I have befriended a dog. I throw crumbs of bread at it and it sways its tail so happily! Will you like to pat it?

Krishnan: I hope it does not bite!

Prabir: That is what I wish to find out!



WHO BINDS AND WHO IS BOUND?

Once upon a time there was a wealthy landlord who indulged in all kinds of luxuries. One day the landlord was out on a pilgrimage. He was accompanied by two servants.

After visiting a Siva temple, the landlord was out to see a Vishnu temple which was situated two miles away. As the landlord and his party walked along, they met a hermit. "Do you know the way to the Vishnu temple?" the landlord asked the

hermit.

"Yes, I can guide you there if you so wish," said the hermit.

They all walked towards the Vishnu temple. On the way the landlord saw a tavern where wine was sold.

"Just a minute. Let me have a little drink. I have not had any drink since yesterday," said the landlord.

"But we may get late!" warned the hermit.



"I won't take long. Kindly bear with me," pleadingly said the landlord. He went in and had a drink and came out in a short while. They had advanced a little when the landlord saw a charming dancing girl with her two musical accompanists.

"Just a minute. Let us have a little amusement," said the landlord.

"But we would be late and the temple would be shut to visitors for certain ceremonies for two hours!" said the hermit.

The landlord once looked at the hermit and then again looked at the dancing girl who smiled at him.

"O holy man, please have patience for a moment," said the landlord and he whispered his instructions to his servants.

His servants negotiated with the dancing girl and she agreed to perform her dance for a fee under a banyan tree. The dance was over and she went away.

"Did you take objection to my having a little drink and having a little amusement?" the landlord asked the hermit with a smile of apology.

"Not at all. But I take objection to your statement," said the hermit.

"What do you mean, sir?" asked the landlord, quite



surprised.

"It is not you who had the drink, it is the drink who had you. It is not you who had the amusement, it is the amusement which had you!" observed the hermit.

"I don't understand, O holy man," confessed the landlord.

Their eyes fell on a man who was dragging a dog tied to a chain.

"What do you see?" the hermit asked the landlord, directing his attention to the man and the dog.

"It is quite clear—the man is dragging the dog along!" answered the landlord.

"It is not so. It is the dog which is dragging the man along," rejoined the hermit.

"How do you say so?" challenged the landlord.

Just then the dog's chain slipped off the man's hand. The dog ran away at great speed. The man followed it, running as fast as he could.

"Do you see now? Who is running after whom?" asked the hermit.

"The man is running after the dog."

"There you are, my son. It appeared that the man was the dog's master. But it is proved that the dog is his master, because he is bound to the dog by his attachment for it. Similarly, you are bound to your drink and all kinds of amusements. They have mastered you; you have not mastered them," explained the hermit.

—Retold by Jyotsna Devi Sahoo





THE FLUTE-PLAYER

It was a winter evening. A young man sat under a tree outside the village and played on the flute. He was playing an extremely melodious tune, keeping with the atmosphere of the twilight.

A traveller who was passing by riding a horse had stopped. When the young man finished playing, he dismounted and walked to him, smiling. The young man stood up and greeted the stranger.

"I have never heard anyone playing the flute so sweetly," said the stranger.

"Thank you very much, sir, but the credit does not go to me alone. You heard me at a good time and a fine place. The sun was setting; there was nobody nearby to disturb either the player or the listener. But above

everything else, you must have been a true lover of music," said the flute-player.

The traveller patted the young man on the back and said, "I wish you could play in the king's court."

The young man sighed and said, "I know that the king is a lover of music. But where is any chance for me to gain entry into the king's court?"

The traveller took out a ring from one of his fingers and gave it to the young man. "Come to the court tomorrow. Show this at the gate. They will gladly let you enter the court." So saying, the traveller hopped on to his horse and galloped away.

The flute-player duly presented the ring at the palace gate. The officials at the gate who were expecting him, cordially led him

to the king's presence. Needless to say, the king was none other than the traveller.

The flute-player played in the court. All sat charmed. At the end the king asked him to come again in the evening to his garden. "I will like to hear you again, alone," said the king.

While going out of the court, the young man went near the three ministers and whispered something to each of them and left.

When the flute-player met the king in the evening, the king asked him, "What did you say to my ministers? Did you know them earlier?"

"I had met them earlier. I just asked them for their pardon," replied the young man.

"For their pardon? What wrong had you done to them?" the king grew curious.

"My lord, earlier I had requested each of them to fix up an appointment with you. All of them had said that I was a fool to expect the king to devote time to listen to my flute," the young man reported shyly.

"In that case you should have laughed at them today," commented the king.

The young man hesitated and said, "How could I, my lord? They meant that the king was too busy to pay attention to an unknown flute-player's performance. They never belittled the king. They never said that the king does not appreciate music!"

The king was charmed. If he had never met such a sweet flute-player, he had never known an instance of such modesty either. He made the young man his court-musician. In course of time, he became the king's chief counsellor.





A STRING OF HOPE

In a small village lived a farmer who had a son named Sukumar. Once two distant relatives of the villager, on their way home from a pilgrimage, took shelter in the farmer's house.

"Can we pass a day or two here?" asked one of them.

"Consider this as your home and be here as long as you like," said the kind-hearted farmer out of courtesy.

"Can I take this mat out to spread it on the verandah and relax?" asked the second relative.

"Consider everything in this house as yours and use anything you like," said the farmer.

It so happened that while the relatives were there, the farmer fell ill. The two relatives, no doubt, served him well and tried to cure him, but the farmer died.

After the funeral rites of the

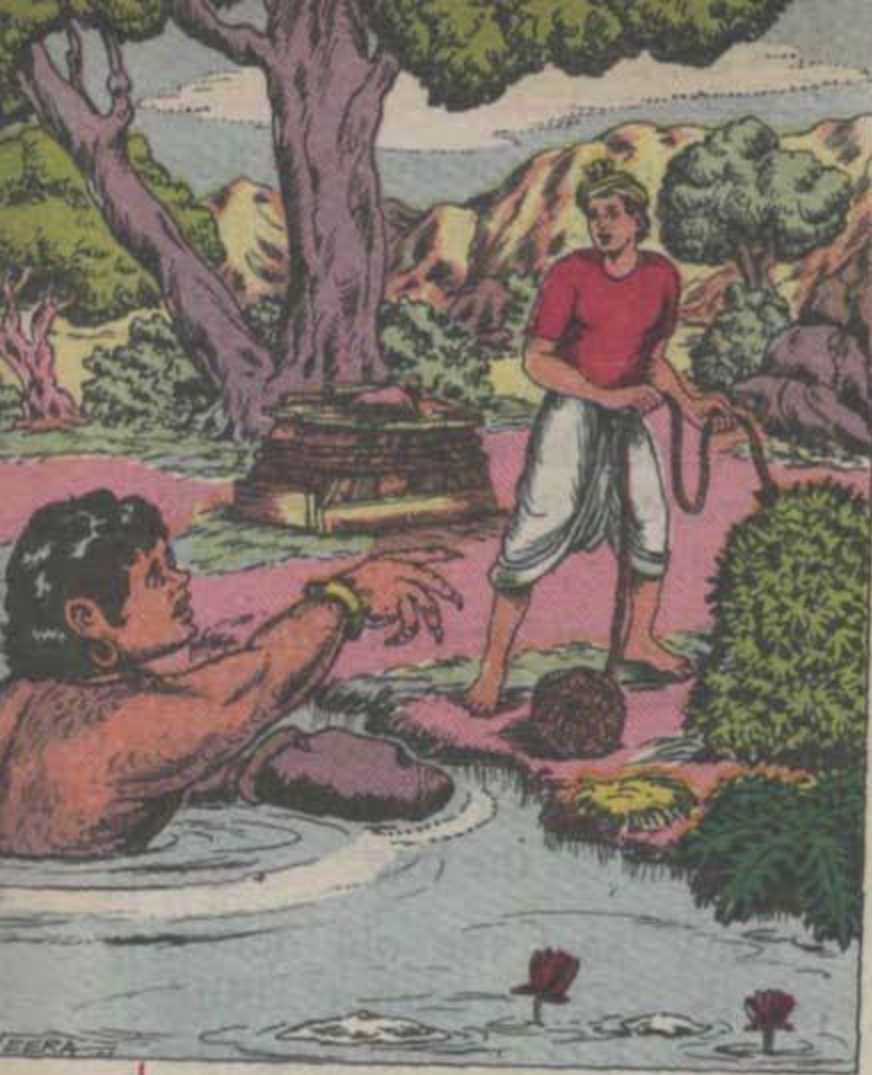
farmer were over, the two men told Sukumar, "Now that the house and everything in it belong to us, what do you propose to do?"

Sukumar was an extremely innocent boy. He had heard what his father had told the guests. That is why he could not dispute their claim. But he asked innocently, "Indeed, where do I go? Is there nothing that I can take with me?"

Sukumar was holding in his hand a long rope rolled into a ball which his father had made.

"Well, we are not unkind. You can take whatever you have in your hand!" said one of the guests.

"And so far as your stay is concerned, why don't you build a hut on the ghou's tank?" proposed the other man.



Now, the so-called ghouls' tank was a large tank outside the village. Nobody went near it because it was considered cursed. So many people who had entered it over the years had disappeared. It was believed that a ghouls lived in the tank and he devoured those who dared to touch the water of the tank.

"All right," said Sukumar and without a word more he left his home and walked over to the tank. He sat down under a tree and thought over the prospect of building a hut. Suddenly he saw a squirrel. He was an expert at preparing traps with rope. He soon caught the squirrel and kept

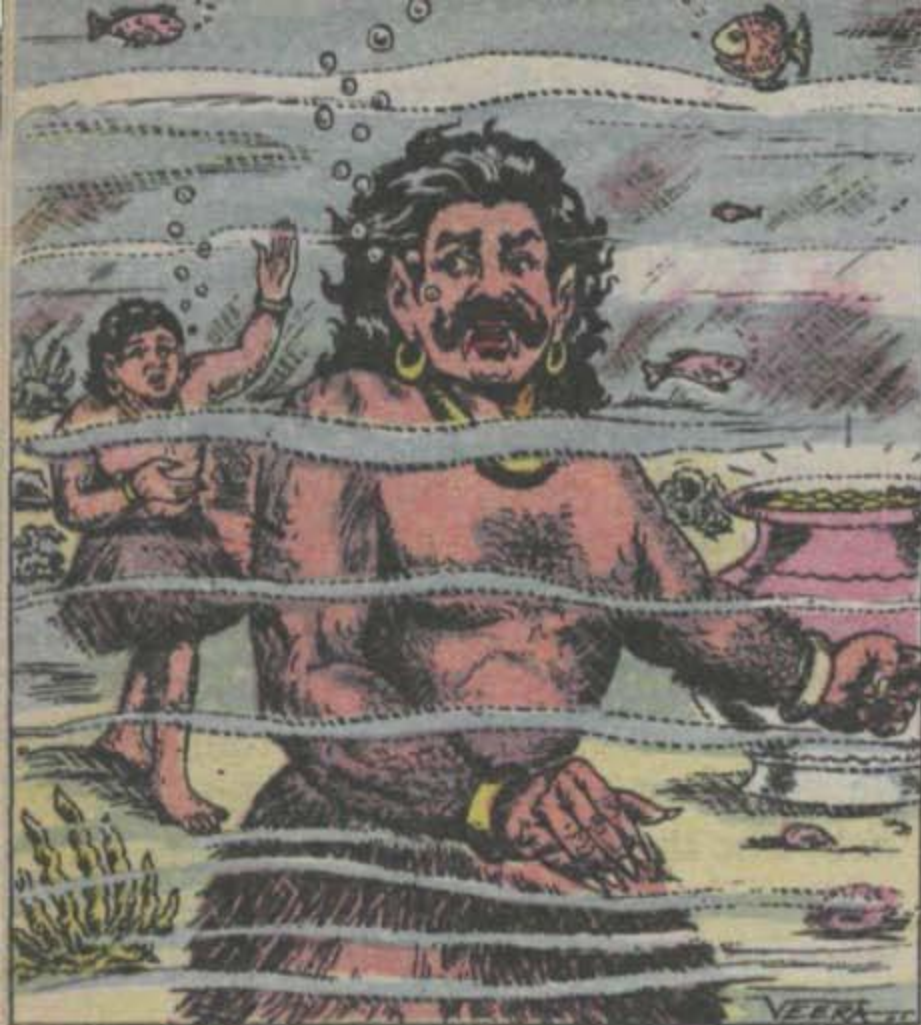
it in a small cage he made with sticks and twigs. Next he caught a hare and kept it in another cage. Quite close to the tank was a cave. In the cave lived a bear. Sukumar toyed with the idea of catching the bear, but did not dare to attempt it.

He occupied a deserted house near the tank and raised a shade on the brink of the water so that he could sit under it and catch fish. The shade's reflection on the water surprised the water-demon who lived at the bottom of the tank. It is he who dragged away those who entered the water. He asked his son, a young demon, to find out who built the hut.

The young demon surfaced on the water and asked Sukumar, "What are you doing?"

Sukumar was preparing to hurl one end of the rope, with a knot, into the lake and pluck a lily. He said, "You appeared on time. Otherwise you would have perished. I was going to pull the whole tank with my rope and throw it to the other side of the hill. But I won't do it now, if you satisfy me."

The young demon disappeared and told his father about the unexpected danger they were



about to face. The old demon seriously thought over it and said, "It is not safe to let such a dangerous man live. But unless he touches the water, I cannot kill him. Go and challenge the man to compete with you in climbing the tree. Once he reaches the top branch, throw him into the tank."

The young demon challenged Sukumar to climb the tree, saying, "Let us see who can climb to the highest branch!"

"I have no zeal for such childish things. But you can play with my youngest brother!" said Sukumar. Then he released the squirrel onto the tree. The young

demon climbed the tree, but how can he keep pace with the squirrel? The squirrel reached the top-most branch of the tree. Yet, when the young demon tried to throw it into the water by shaking the branch, it clung onto the branch!

The young demon plunged into the water and reported to his father that it was not possible to shake even the stranger's youngest brother off the tree.

"Hm!" said the old demon gravely, "Do another thing. Challenge him to a running race around the tank. Suddenly give him a push and throw him into the water!"

The young demon went back and proposed the race. But Sukumar said, "How do I care to run with you! But if you so wish, you can try your stamina with my younger brother." Sukumar then released the hare. The young demon ran with it, but how can he surpass a hare at running? Disappointed, he reached his father in one dive and told him about his failure.

"Hm," said the demon. "Go and challenge him to a wrestling. When he is a bit tired, throw him into the water!"

The young demon challenged

Sukumar to a wrestler.

"Wrestling? With a weakling like you? Well, first go and try your might with my brother, immediately younger to me, who lives in the cave yonder," said Sukumar.

As soon as the young demon entered the cave, the bear caught him in its iron grasp and threw him out after giving him a few terrible shakes.

The young demon managed to get up with difficulty and plunged into the tank and reported his humiliation to his father, weeping.

The demon now understood that he was really facing a great danger.

"Go and ask him what will satisfy him. Better take some of the gold I have," said the demon.

Sukumar looked at the gold

and said, "This much would not do. Bring more."

Next time the young demon brought all the gold they had. Happily Sukumar carried them into his hut.

That very day the two relatives met him and said, "The villagers are harassing us, saying that we have usurped your house." Suddenly their eyes fell on the heap of gold.

"What is this? How did you get this?" they asked.

"By the virtue of this rope," said Sukumar.

"Please take back your house and everything in it, but give us this rope," they proposed. Sukumar agreed and returned to his home with all his gold. So far as the two relatives are concerned, we do not know what happened to them.



WORLD OF NATURE

SOUND SLEEPER



THE FROGMOUTH, AN AUSTRALIAN NIGHT FLYING BIRD, SLEEPS SO SOUNDLY DURING THE DAY THAT IT CAN BE LIFTED FROM ITS PERCH WITHOUT WAKING!

LARGEST DINOSAUR EGG

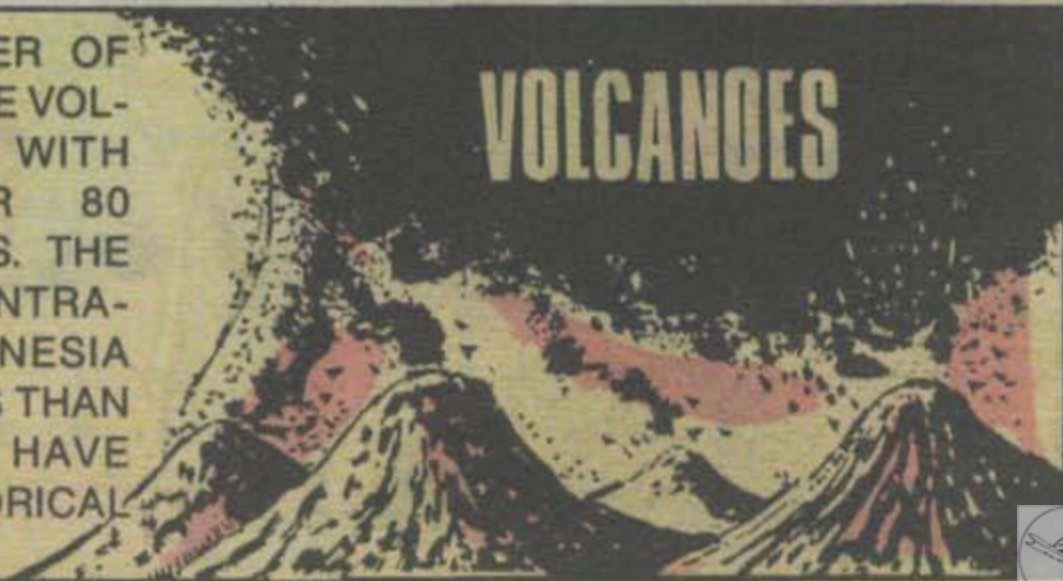
THE LARGEST DINOSAUR EGGS YET DISCOVERED WERE FOUND IN FRANCE. THEY HAD A CAPACITY OF 5.77 PINTS (3.3 LITRES) AND WERE LAID BY A 30FT (9.19 M) SAUROPOD WHO LIVED 80 000,000 YEARS AGO.



A HEN'S EGG COMPARED TO THE DINOSAUR EGG.

THE TOTAL NUMBER OF THE WORLD'S ACTIVE VOLCANOES IS 455, WITH ABOUT ANOTHER 80 BENEATH THE SEAS. THE GREATEST CONCENTRATION IS IN INDONESIA WHICH HAS NO LESS THAN 167—77 OF WHICH HAVE ERUPTED IN HISTORICAL TIMES.

VOLCANOES



WORLD OF SPORT

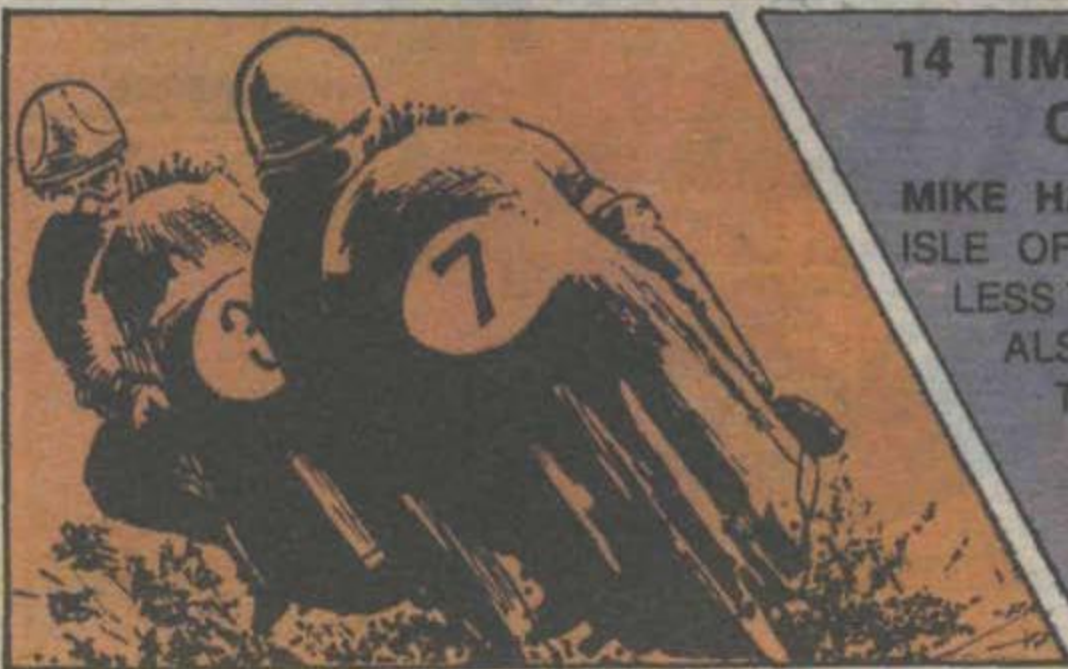
50,000 RUNNERS !!



50,000 RUNNERS TOOK PART IN THE 1978 STRA-MILANO, THE 22 KM RUN AROUND THE CITY OF MILAN, ITALY.

THE FIRST WORLD TEAM HANG GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIPS TOOK PLACE AT CHATTANOOGA, USA, IN 1978. THE WINNING TEAM WAS GREAT BRITAIN.

Hang Gliding



14 TIMES A CHAMPION!

MIKE HAILWOOD WON THE ISLE OF MAN TT RACE NO LESS THAN 14 TIMES. HE IS ALSO THE ONLY RIDER TO HAVE WON THREE EVENTS IN ONE YEAR IN 1961 AND AGAIN IN 1967.

FRIEND OF THE FRIENDLESS

The American Civil War was over. Some soldiers were accused of indiscipline during the war. They were to be severely punished. But all of them applied to the President to be pardoned. Each application was supported by a recommendation by one of the prominent citizens or a senior officer of the government.

On the basis of these recommendations, the President went on granting pardon to all the applicants.

But at last there was one application which was not accompanied by any recommendation. When the secretaries put it up before the President, saying that the application should be rejected, the President said calmly, "This man seems to have no friend to support him. Is that the case? All right. I will be his friend. I recommend that he be pardoned."

Abraham Lincoln was the President.



CHANDAMAMA SUPPLEMENT-10

TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE

PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH FROM HISTORY



JAHANGIR

The eldest son of Emperor Akbar, Salim Mirza, later to be known as Jahangir, was born on the 30th of August, 1569. His mother was Rajput. In 1601 he revolted against his father. But he was subdued and pardoned by his great father. However, when his son, Khusru, revolted against him, he captured him and threw him into prison where the prince died in 1622. It was during Jahangir's time that Captain Hawkins and Sir Thomas Roe, emissaries from the court of the British monarch, came to the Mughal court and paved the way for Britain's trade with India. He was a lover of art. In matters of religion he was tolerant. For a while his son, Shah Jahan, revolted against him. Thereafter his general Mahabat Khan too revolted and even kept the emperor prisoner for some time. But Jahangir's clever queen Nur Jahan got him free. Jahangir died in 1626.

WHO IS HE?

A young Brahmin and a prince were learning their lessons in various branches of knowledge from the same guru. The two became very friendly. One day the prince told the Brahmin boy, "When I become a king, you will have no dearth of anything. I can give you even half of my kingdom." Their studies over, the two friends separated from each other. Years passed. The Brahmin, who was very poor, found it very difficult to maintain his family. He remembered the assurance of his childhood friend, who had become a king. He went and met him and addressed him as 'Friend'. But the king snubbed him, saying that a king and a pauper cannot be friends.

The Brahmin felt humiliated. Later he humiliated the king. The king, in his turn, took revenge on the Brahmin.

(A) Who is the Brahmin?

(B) Who is the king?

See Page No. 22



INDIA: THEN AND NOW

With the Himalayas in the north and Kanyakumari in the south, flanked by the oceans on both the other sides, India is a vast geographical sub-continent.

How old is India? One can say, as old as the earth! But that would not be the right answer. India in this sense is a civilisation, a culture. We can say that we do not know the antiquity of Indian civilisation. Some say it dates back to 5000 years B.C. There are others who say that it is even older, much much older!

But one thing is certain, India has a literature, it has a set of philosophies which are so old that no other civilisation in the world can claim such a glorious tradition. The world's first books of wisdom, the Vedas, the world's first two great epics, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, the world's first book of stories, the Kathasaritsagara, the world's first book of fables, the Panchatantra, the world's first book of moral stories, the Jatakas, were composed in India. Great philosophies, or Darshanas developed here.



BHARATA VARSHA

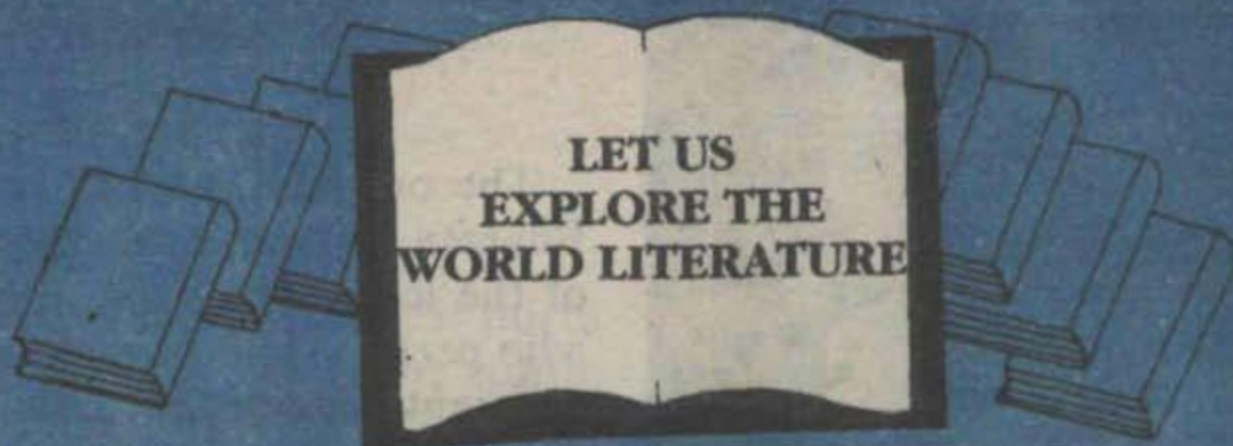


The original name of India is Bharata Varsha, after the name of the legendary King, Bharata, who perhaps had brought all the different kingdoms under one central rule. Much later, the Persians called this country Hind, after the river Sindhu. From Hind came the word India. For the ancient Persians and Greeks who traded with India, Hind meant Indian; it was not a religious term.

The ancient India had many kingdoms, but still it was one country, because all the kingdoms belonged to the same cultural and literary traditions.

Unfortunately, in 1947, a part of India became another country, Pakistan. This 'new' country was again divided and a third country, Bangladesh, came into existence.

It seems in a remote past even the modern Afghanistan was a part of Bharata Varsha. Sri Lanka, Malaya, Cambodia, Indonesia, China—all were influenced by Indian culture. The cultural map of India was far bigger than its geographical map.



1. Who gave a detailed account of China for the first time to the Western world?
2. Who is the author whose most famous book is on mathematics but who received the Nobel Prize for Literature?
3. Which great dramatist died because a tortoise fell on his head?
4. The plot of a famous novel came to the author through a dream. Who is the author and what is the novel?
5. Who is the great poet of the western world who is bracketed with Valmiki and Vyasa?
6. What are the titles of his books?
7. What is the name of the city which he made immortal?
8. Who is the heroine of his first book?
9. Who is the hero of his second book?
10. When did the poet live and where?

ANSWERS

WHO IS HE?

(A) Drona (B) King Drupad

WORLD LITERATURE

1. Marco Polo.

2. Bertrand Russell. His famous book is *Principia Mathematica*.

3. Greek playwright Aeschylus. The tortoise fell from the claws of a flying eagle.

4. Robert Louis Stevenson.

Dr Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

5. Homer.

6. Iliad and Odyssey.

7. Troy.

8. Helen.

9. Ulysses.

10. Probably in the 9th century B.C., in Greece.



"ALL THINK ALIKE!"



One day, in the course of some discussion in his durbar, Emperor Akbar observed that everybody thinks differently. But Birbal said, "No, my lord, there are issues on which all think alike!"

In the evening, while having a stroll with Birbal, the emperor challenged Birbal to prove that all think alike on certain issues.



There was a dried up deep and large well in front of the palace. Birbal led the emperor there and spoke to him about a scheme through which he would prove his theory.

As advised by Birbal, the emperor's heralds announced that every householder in the city is required to carry a potful of milk and pour it into the well during the dark moonless (Amavasya) night.

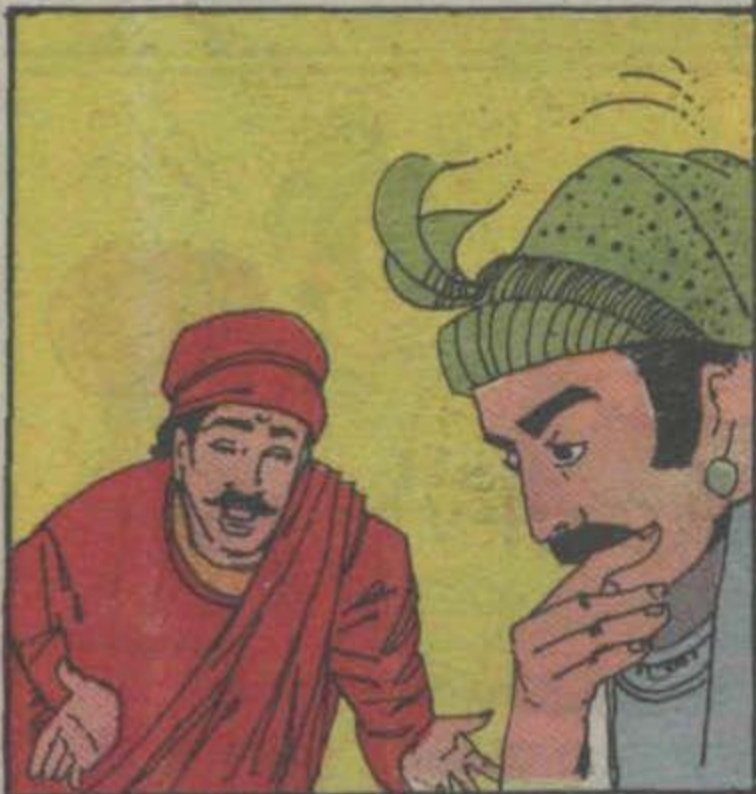


The people entered the compound one by one, announcing their names which the royal officials took down. Headmen of almost all the houses in the city dutifully responded to the announcement.

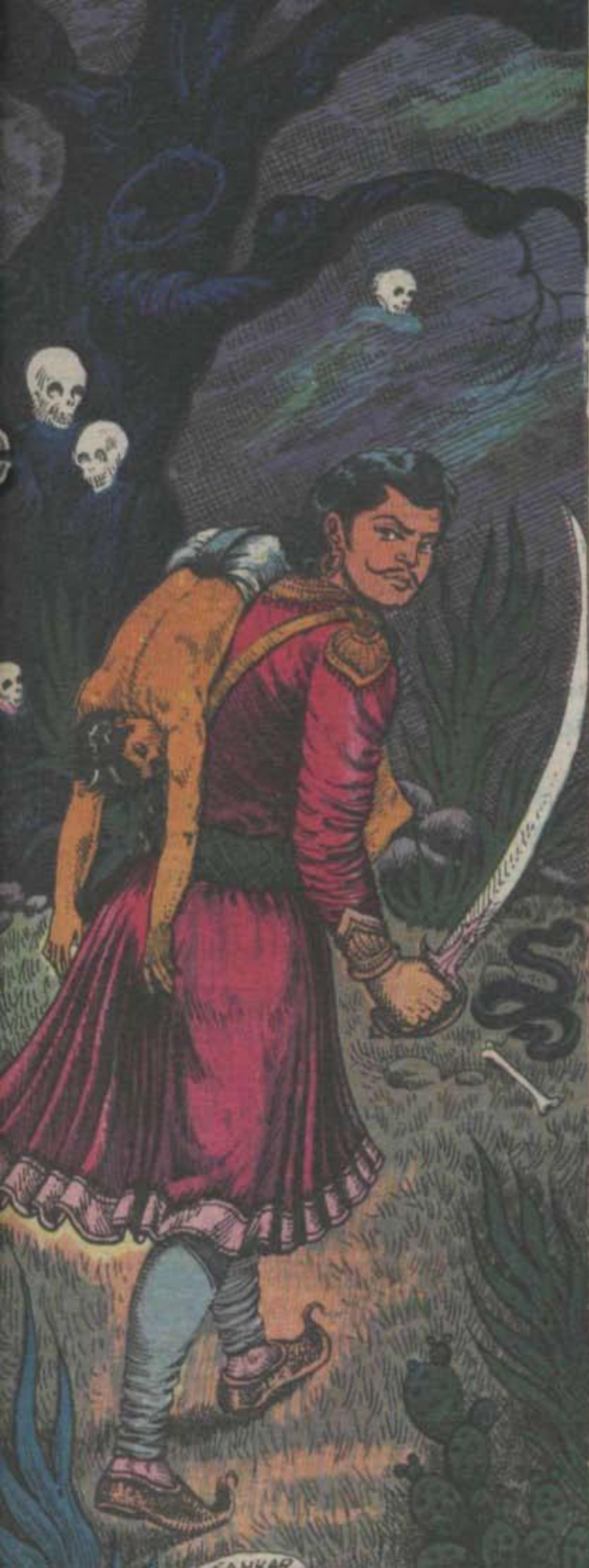


One by one they emptied their pots into the well. The ritual continued till it was daybreak.

Early in the morning the emperor visited the well, expecting to see the well filled with milk. Alas! it was full to the brim with water!



"My lord, each citizen thought that it will matter little if he alone puts water instead of milk. All thought alike —and this is the result !"



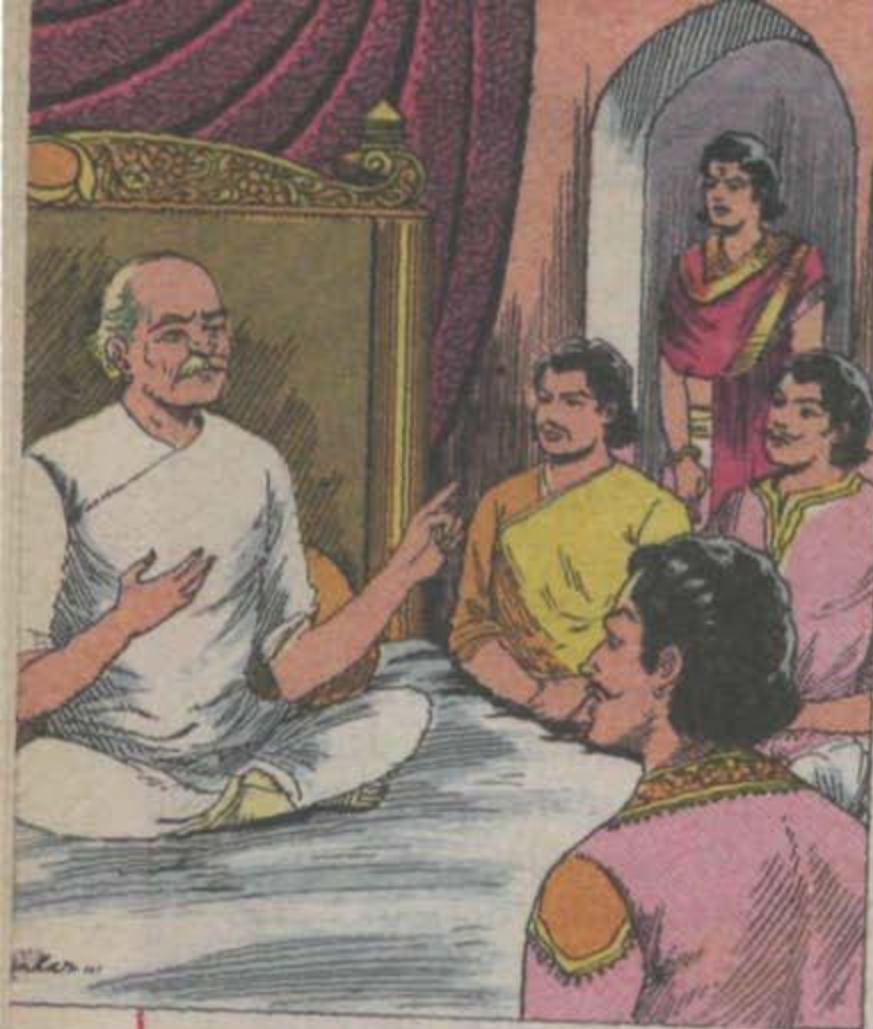
NEW TALES OF KING VIKRAM
AND THE VAMPIRE

FOUR ADVISERS

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Fierce wind whistled past the trees. At the intervals of the roars of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, I don't know who has advised you to take up such a challenging task in such a terrible night. But you can ignore such advice, can't you? Even an ordinary man like Bhikhari Prasad could do so. Let me tell his story to you. Pay attention to my narration. That may bring you some relief."





his bedside and said, "I am happy that God has blessed me with four noble sons. Now that I am departing for the other world, I just wanted to say goodbye to you. Always have faith in God. Never do anything under the influence of your pride or passion. Never think that you alone are right and others are wrong. Have peace in your heart, so that you can really do good to others and yourself."

Dharmadas fell silent. "Father, give us some more advice," pleaded Shridas.

The vampire went on: A century ago, in the city of Pratisthan lived a wise man named Dharmadas. He was kind-hearted too. Many citizens sought his advice to solve their problems.

Dharmadas had four sons. Each of them was intelligent and well-mannered. They were engaged in different occupations. While the eldest son, Shridas, lived with his father, the other three lived in different areas of the city according to the needs of their work.

Dharmadas took ill. When he realised that his days were numbered, he called his sons to

Said Dharmadas, "Since you want advice, let me advise you on advice itself. First, never give any advice to a man who has not asked you for it. Those who are eager to give advice to others are the sort of people who think themselves very wise. They do not know that their advice can be even harmful! Secondly, try to ascertain the real motive of the man who seeks your advice; try to see whether he deserves your advice or not. Thirdly, never say or do more than necessary to help the man who seeks your advice."

The sons heard their father with attention. After a few days, Dharmadas died.

One day a person named



Bhikhari Prasad met Shridas and said, "Sir, you enjoy a high position in the king's court. You should come to my rescue. I am a poor man and I own a small house close to the mansion of Sheth Ranadhir. The Sheth wants my house. But I am unwilling to part with it. He threatens to drive me away from my house with the help of musclemen. What can I do?"

"Nobody can occupy anybody else's property through threats. Why don't you inform the judge?" asked Shridas.

"Sir, the judge is a friend of the Sheth. I don't expect justice!" observed Bhikhari.

Said Shridas, "All right. I will speak about the matter to one of the ministers of the king. He will indirectly caution the Sheth."

Bhikhari thanked him and went away. Next day he met Devdas, the second son of Dharmadas, who was the supervisor over all the public institutions in the kingdom. After narrating his problem to Devdas, Bhikhari asked, "What am I to do if the Sheth's two musclemen, who are trained by Panditji, the famous wrestler, beat me?"



"Don't have any fear on that account. I will ask Panditji to warn those students of his against doing any harm to you," Devdas assured him. Bhikhari thanked him and went away.

Thereafter he met Dharmadas's third son, Somadas, who was an officer in the king's revenue department. Listening to Bhikhari's complaint, Somadas asked him, "Do you have all the documents concerning your house with you?"

"No, sir. They were all destroyed by the white-ants some years ago," replied Bhikhari.

"I see," said Somadas moved by a feeling of sympathy. "Don't



assistants and had a look at Bhikhari's house.

The four brothers used to dine together at the eldest brother's house once every week. When they met the next time, Shridas's assistant brought them the news that Bhikhari had sold his house to the Sheth at an incredibly high price of one lakh rupees! In fact, Bhikhari had promised to sell the house to Shethji. Trusting him, the Sheth buried his mother's dead body in that ground. Then Bhikhari refused to sell his property to the Sheth. The Sheth did not know what to do. It was against the custom of his community to shift a buried dead body to some other place. He pleaded with Bhikhari to be kind. Failing he had, at one stage, threatened to apply physical force to dislodge him. But meanwhile many things happened to scare the Sheth. One of the ministers warned him against harassing his neighbours! Panditji cautioned his two durwans, saying that they should not apply any violence against Bhikhari Prasad! Bhikhari got fresh copies of his documents. Then the Sheth observed Haridas having a look at Bhikhari's house. The Sheth feared that

you worry. I will ask the Registrar of documents to prepare a fresh document for you. Once you have your papers in order, it will not be easy for anybody to throw you out of your house. Otherwise the Sheth can arrange for false witnesses and prove that the house belongs to him!"

Bhikhari thereafter met Haridas, the fourth son of Dharmadas. Haridas who was a prosperous merchant, said, "Your house is in an important area of the city. It should fetch a good price. Let me go and see the exact location of the place."

Haridas went with his

Haridas, being a wealthy merchant, was planning to buy it to become a rival to the Sheth.

Hence the Sheth bought the property at a price which was twenty times more than the normal value of the land in that area. Shethji had to sell an orchard of his to meet Bhikhari's demand!

The four brothers were stunned. Said Shridas, "We were fools, for we did not act according to our father's advice."

"That is right," agreed the other three brothers.

The vampire paused for a moment and then asked in a stern voice, "O King, I have some

doubts. Why did Bhikhari Prasad go on seeking the advice of the sons of Dharmadas when he had no intention of working according to those advice? And why did Shridas say that they had failed to act according to their father's advice? Answer my questions, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck."

Forthwith answered King Vikram, "Bhikhari was a sly man. He took complete advantage of the fact that he was poor and the Sheth was wealthy. What he reported to the sons of Dharmadas was not untrue, but





it was only one part of the situation. He carefully hid the other part of the situation—that the Sheth, in good faith, had buried his mother's dead body on that ground in order to erect a tomb there afterwards. He inspired sympathy in the hearts of the four brothers and used their influence to serve his interest. The Sheth, for the reasons we already know, hurriedly bought the land at a fantastic price.

Dharmadas had asked his sons

never to give any advice without knowing the motive of the man who sought advice. He had also asked them never to say or do more than necessary. But the sons had violated these two principles. They had never tried to ascertain the situation in its entirety. They had also gone out of their way to help Bhikhari. They realised their mistake."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

WHAT THE FATHER DID NOT KNOW

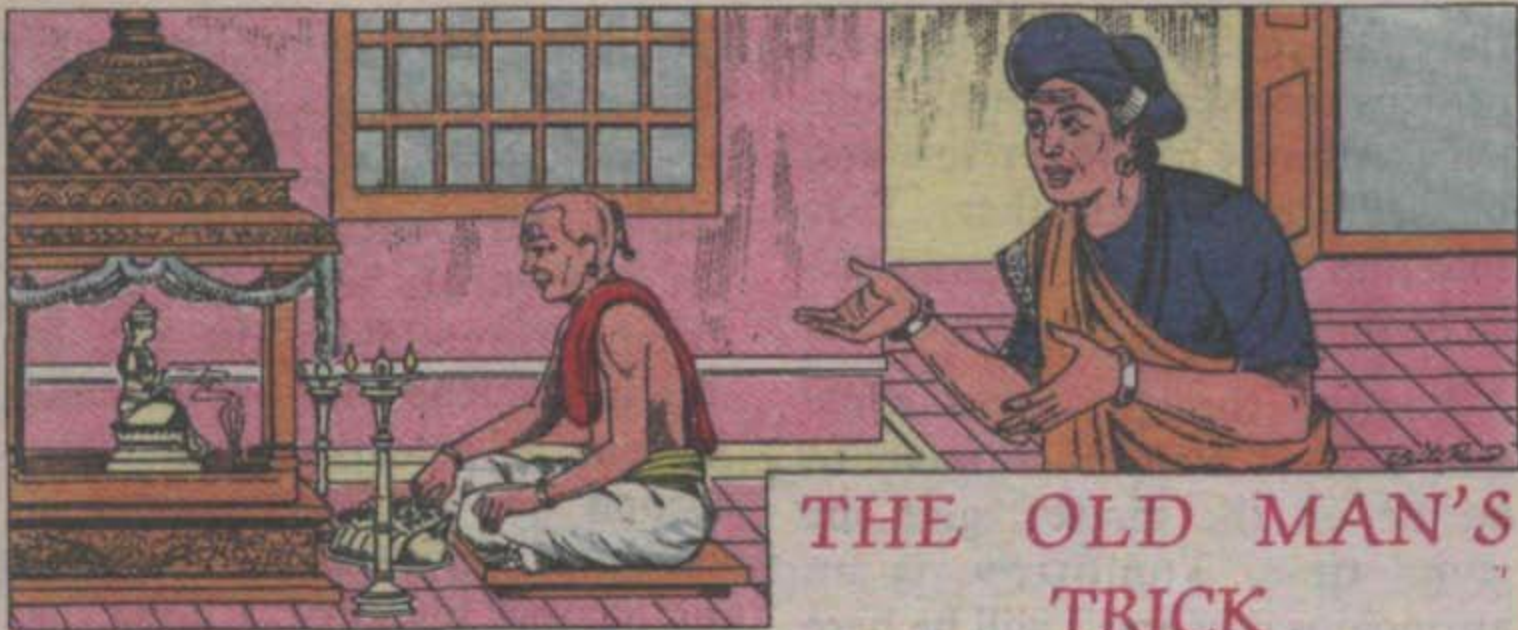
Father: What did you learn in the school today?

Son: Much about the elephants.

Father: Good. Can you say where the elephants are found?

Son: Oh Father! Only if you knew about them you would never ask such a silly question. They are much bigger than you are. They can hardly ever get lost!





THE OLD MAN'S TRICK

As in most of the old kingdoms, it was the convention in Subalpur that the eldest son of the king would inherit the kingdom. But King Jayant Dev had two sons and they were twins. It had not been determined which of the two sons, Mahendra, or Surendra, was born first.

The king died all on a sudden. The two brothers decided to divide the kingdom between them. They were good-natured princes and there was no question of their quarrelling on any issue. But both of them wanted to retain the city of Somanagar the capital of Subalpur. But that was not practicable. While one of them could have Somanagar, the other must have Bhuvandwip, the other city and make his capital there.

Mahendra and Surendra smiled at each other. Said

Mahendra, "My brother, we must let a third party decide who would have Somanagar. What do you say?"

"I agree. I suggest that we approach Panditji to decide the issue," said Surendra.

"That is a good idea," said Mahendra.

The man popularly known as Panditji was the chief scholar in the royal court during the times of their grandfather and father. He was nearly a hundred years of age and he led a retired life, spending most of his time in meditation. But he was quite alert and he had no difficulty in walking or doing light work. His grandson was now the chief scholar in the court.

The princes told Panditji's grandson that they would like to meet the old man. As soon as the old man heard this, he came



the palace himself. The two princes received him with reverence. After he had taken seat and blessed the two brothers, they told him the help they would like to have from him.

Panditji thought for a while and said, "Well, if I have to decide on the matter, give me some time. Tomorrow is an auspicious day and I will be here in the morning and give my decision."

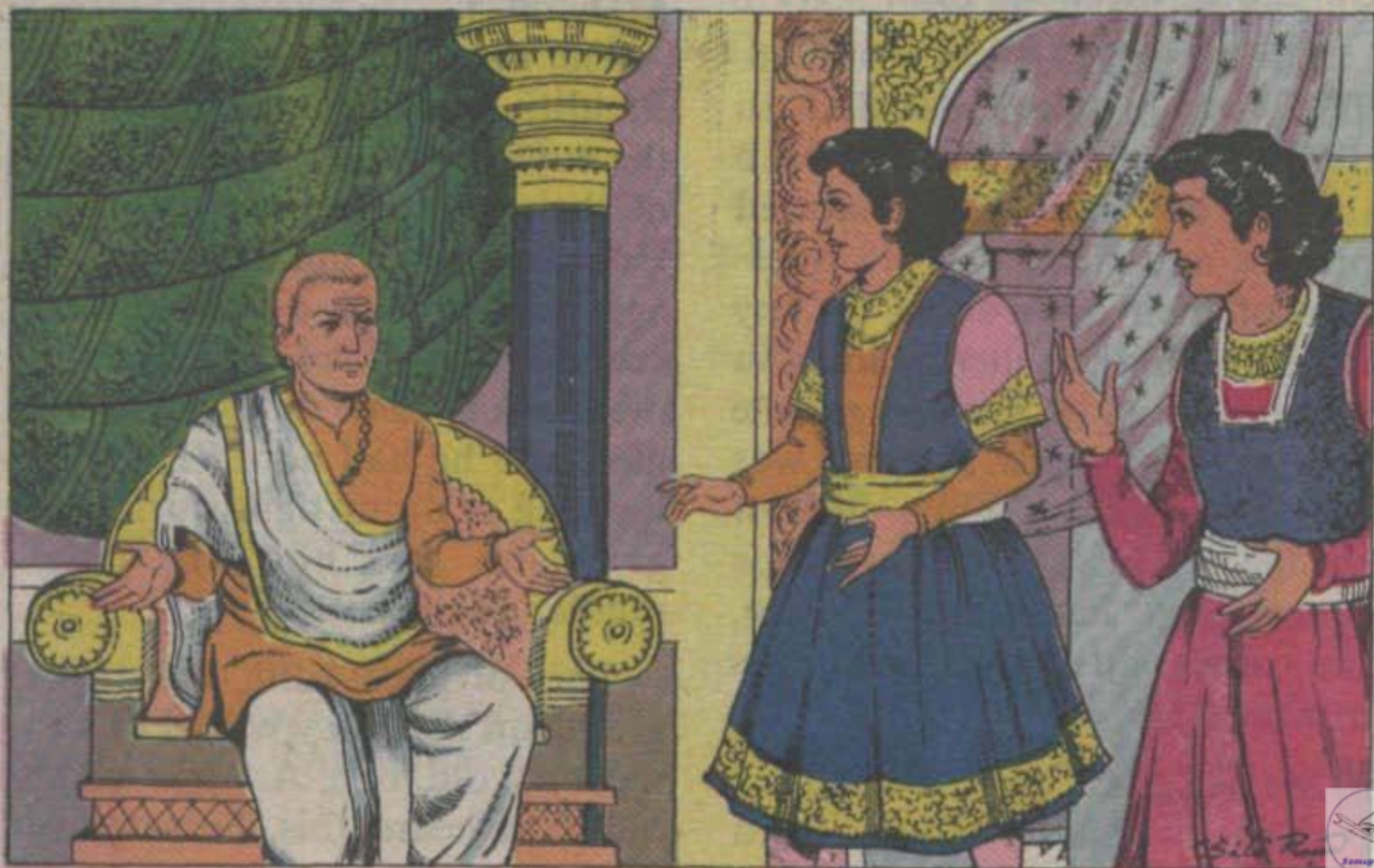
Next day Panditji blessed the princes and said, "Let me tell you an incident. Once there was a sage who had two students. One day the sage gave a pinch of holy ash to each of the students and

said, 'You have completed your studies. You can go.'

"One disciple put a bit of the ash into his mouth and sprinkled the rest on his head. The other disciple threw away the ash. In due course the first one became famous as a learned man. The second one did not succeed in anything and went on complaining against his guru. I hope the one who would be deprived of Somanagar would not complain against me!"

"Oh no, never," the two princes said in one voice.

Panditji brought out two tiny pieces of folded paper and asked the princes to pick up one each.





At once Mahendra threw it into his mouth and swallowed it. But Surendra held it and told his brother, "This was not meant to be swallowed! He must have written the names of the two cities in the two pieces of paper. The name of the city that was in your paper was to be yours!"

"Maybe. But you are still holding your paper. If we know the city that has gone to your lot, we would know which one has come to my lot!" said Mahendra.

Surendra unfolded his paper. The name of Bhuvandwip was

written on it. That meant, Somanagar had fallen to Mahendra's lot.

But years later some people whispered among themselves that Panditji wanted Somanagar to go to Mahendra. He had written the name of Bhuvandwip in both the papers. Getting a hint from his story, Mahendra swallowed his paper. That is how he got Somanagar. Somanagar was an important city and it should have been ruled by an intelligent and brave prince. According to Panditji, Mahendra had the right qualities to rule it.

A QUESTION OF MEMORY

Father: Sukumar, you have such a poor memory! When I was of your age, I could easily remember the names of the Presidents and Prime Ministers of India.

Son: Perhaps you could, Father, but what your memory does not record is, there had been only one President

and one Prime Minister at that time when you were of my age.



THE PROMISED DONATION

Seth Harit Kishore was ill. In fact, he had been bedridden for a long time. One day he told his physician, "Vaidji, my physical condition is gradually affecting my mind. I cannot say things which I want to say. On the other hand, I say things which I do not wish to say!"

"Don't worry, sir, I will give the best of treatment to you. You will be all right in another month," said the physician.

"If you can cure me in another one month, I will donate to you a lakh of rupees for the construction of your dispensary," said the Seth.

Indeed, the Seth fully recovered in a month. The physician was paid his fees, but the Seth did not make any mention of the donation he had promised.

At last, one day the physician reminded him about it.

"Vaidji! Have you forgotten the symptoms of my disease? I could not say things I wished to say; I said things which I did not wish to say!" answered the Seth.

The physician had to keep quiet.





THE THIRD NEIGHBOUR

Prasad and Vimal were neighbours. Both were living in rented houses. But the house between the two houses lay vacant.

Vimal had a few goats. One day, while going out to the office, he asked his servant to take out the goats for grazing in the compound of the vacant house. But the servant, a villager who had just come to the town and got the job, led the goats into Prasad's compound. Prasad who was not at home, returned soon and became furious at what he saw. "How dare you destroy my garden?" he asked the servant.

"My master asked me to do so!" replied the servant.

"To hell with your master!" shouted Prasad and he drove the goats away.

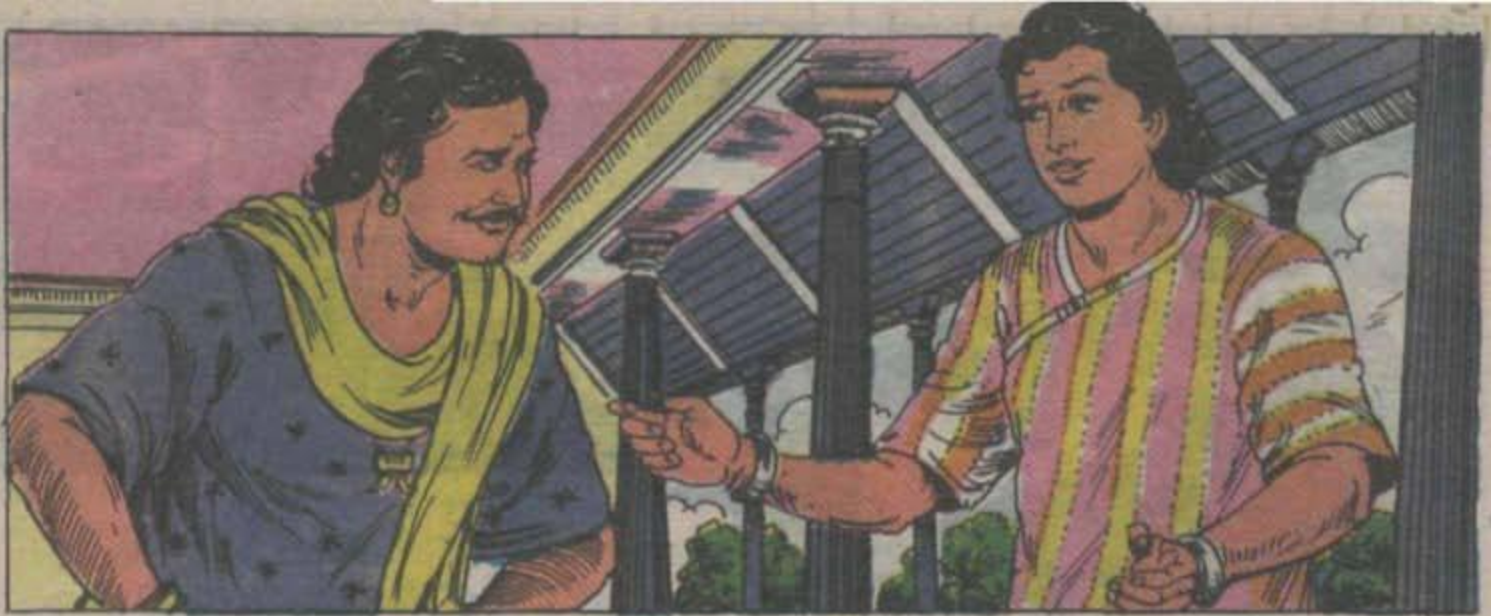
"Your neighbour wished you to go to hell, the servant reported to Vimal when the latter was back from the office.

Thus, two friends became foes.

A few days later Ravi occupied the vacant house. Within a few hours he could sense that he had two neighbours who were hostile to each other. It was not a happy experience to live sandwiched by such neighbours. If he sides with one, he would become the other's foe.

At an opportune time he found out the cause of their ill-will for each other from the servant.

In the evening he met Prasad and in the course of conversation, said, "I am lucky to have such tolerant neighbours like you two. I was told how once Vimal's foolish servant damaged yo



garden but you never said a word to Vimal about it. Vimal feels so guilty!"

A little later he met Vimal and said, "I am lucky to have two such noble neighbours like you. I

was told how once Prasad carelessly uttered an abusive phrase against you but you never retorted! Prasad feels so guilty!"

Next morning it was found that all the three neighbours were chitchatting happily!

THE FAITHFUL MESSENGER

The neighbour of Ramu's house, Mrs. Roy, an aged lady, was not keeping well for some time. It was a Sunday and Ramu's mother told Ramu, "Will you go and find out how old Mrs. Roy is this morning?"

"Sure!" Ramu dashed out. After five minutes he was back to report to his mother, "She said it was none of my business!"

"That's unusual!" commented the mother. "What exactly did you ask her?"

"Exactly as you had said. I asked her, 'Mrs. Roy, how old are you this morning?'"



SAGA OF NEHRU (10)

Nehru was released from jail and went to see his ailing father, Motilal Nehru at Mussoorie. When his father was a little better, they returned to Allahabad. One evening Nehru addressed a large conference of peasants.

Tired, he and his wife, Kamala, were returning home to see Motilal who was anxiously waiting for them. But before they entered the gate, Nehru was arrested once again. It was most unexpected.



Kamala Nehru alone went to her bedridden father-in-law and informed of her husband's sudden arrest. Motilal was most disappointed. But silently he took a grave resolution.



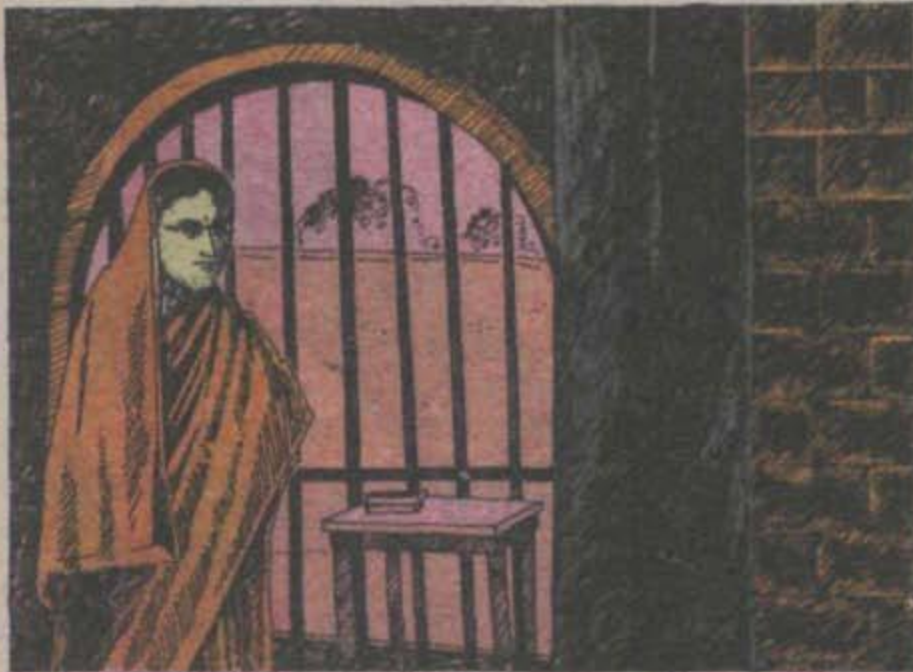
Suddenly Motilal sat up and banged the table near his bed. He declared that he was not going to remain sick and suffer such injustice. He was physically very weak, but his spirit was strong.

Meanwhile the Congressmen convened meetings here and there and read out the very seditious speech for which Nehru had been arrested. Police tried to disperse the crowds through repeated lathi-charge.



As mere imprisonment did not deter the people from participating in the movement, the police began flogging them. This was not only humiliating, but also physically very painful.

Nehru and his colleagues in jail fasted in protest against such flogging. It was a token fast, for four days. But it had some effect. Everybody knew about this barbarous practice of flogging.



Kamala Nehru had put her heart and soul into the Congress work. She was arrested. "I am happy beyond measure and proud to follow in the footsteps of my husband. I hope, the people will keep the flag flying," she declared.

Motilal's illness grew severe. Nehru and Kamala were released. Both rushed to Motilal's bedside, along with many others. Gandhiji also arrived.





"I'm going soon, Mahatmaji," Motilal said to Gandhiji. "I shall not be here to see Swaraj. But I know that you have won it and will soon have it," he added. Gandhiji comforted him and the family.

Despite all efforts by the eminent doctors, M.A. Ansari, Bidhan Chandra Roy and Jivraj Mehta — all well-known leaders— Motilal died on the 6th of February 1931. At the time of death Nehru and his mother were by Motilal's side.



The body was cremated on the banks of Ganga at Allahabad. "As evening fell on the river-bank, on that winter day, the great flames leapt up and consumed that body which had meant so much to us who were close to him as well as to millions in India," writes Nehru.

(To Continue)

THE NEW PREACHER

Ramesh Sharma was a teacher. When he retired from his service, he decided to become a holy man and preach philosophy to people.

He grew a beard and dressed accordingly. Then he left his village and took position under a tree in a distant village. The villagers greeted him with offerings of fruit and milk.

"Come to me in the afternoon. I will lecture to you," he told them. But the villagers being poor farmers, could not come to him in the afternoon as they had to be in their fields. Only one man named Ramu came.

The new holy man sighed with disappointment and said, "What to speak to a single listener?"

"Sir, if I carry fodder to my cowshed and find that only one cow has returned, I don't hesitate to feed the single cow!" said the farmer.

"Good," said Ramesh Sharma. Then he began his lecture on various branches of philosophy and stopped after two hours.

"How did you like it?" he asked the farmer at last.

"Sir, if I carry fodder to my cowshed for ten cows but find only one, I don't force the food of ten into that single cow!" said the farmer.





THE TRUTHFUL KING

The kingdom of Champak was ruled by King Bibhuti Dev. People used to say that the king was as charitable and truthful as the legendary King Harishchandra of olden days.

The fame of King Bibhuti Dev spread far and wide. The other kings were envious of him, not because Bibhuti Dev was charitable and just, but because he was extremely popular and his subjects looked upon him as a god. He introduced many reforms in his kingdom and did everything possible to make the people happy.

What was truly funny, his fame not only made the kings envious, but also made the gundharvas, the demi-gods, curious about him. In their conference, one day a gundharva proposed that they should put the king to a test. All

the others agreed. A gundharva named Mriganka was assigned the task to do the needful.

Mriganka assumed the form of a travelling sage and descended on the kingdom of Champak. Passing through a village, he saw that a large crowd had gathered on the village square, discussing some problems. He went near the crowd. Seeing a sage, the senior villagers stood up and greeted him.

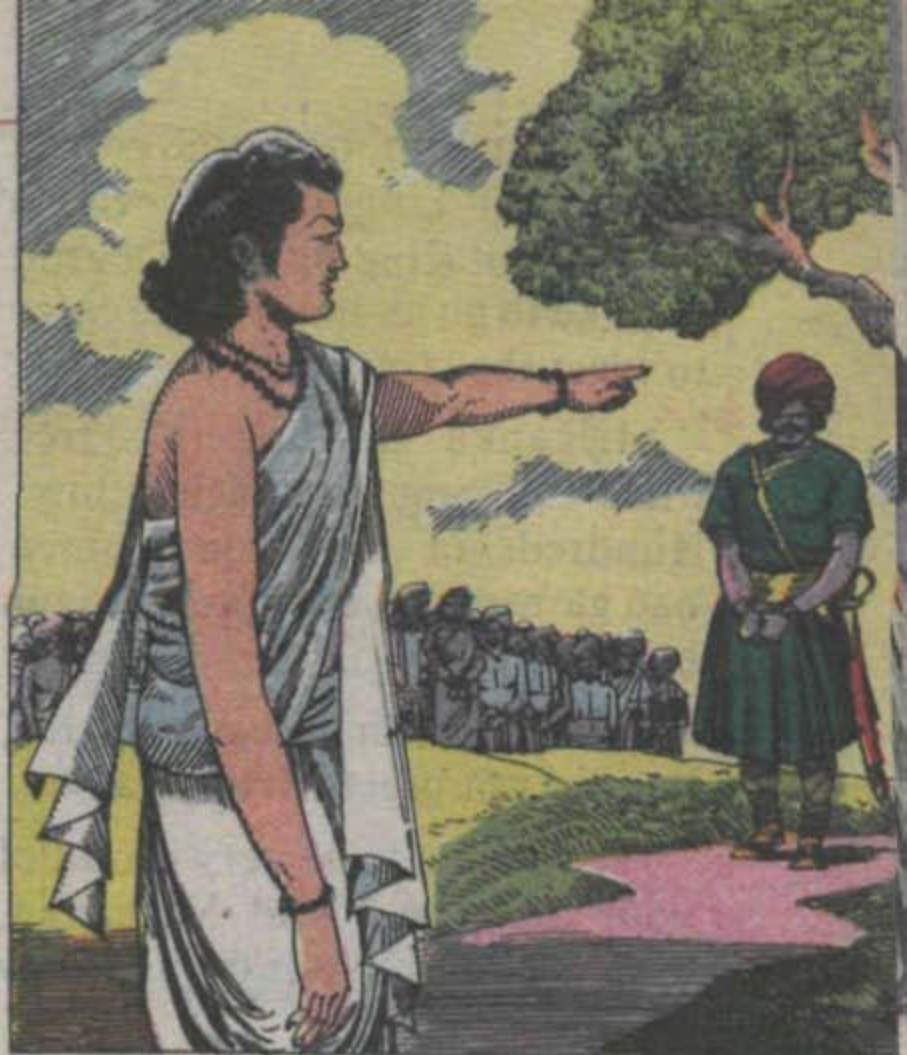
Mriganka said smilingly, "I see neither any good road, nor any large tank; neither a guest-house, nor any temple in your village. What is the matter?"

The senior villagers looked at one another. One of them said, "O holy man, we, the people of this village, are poor. We cannot afford to build good roads, a large tank or a guest-house or a temple."

Mriganka laughed. "You naive ones! You are sitting on a treasure and yet you don't know about it. I can see that a huge box full of gold ingots is lying buried here, perhaps for five or six hundred years! Come on, part and dig at the spot!" Mriganka commanded.

The villagers were surprised and their curiosity knew no bounds. They began digging there at once. Lo and behold! There was the box with gold!

The village headman fell at Mriganka's feet. A sage who could see with bare eyes what is buried under the earth was no doubt a man with great powers. The villagers requested him to stay on in their village. He obliged them. With his supernatural powers he cured people of their diseases and did many such wonderful things. But, at the same time, he revived the old caste system which the king had abolished. He declared some people as untouchables and drove them out of the village and made them live in a small hamlet. A big tank was dug and a temple was built, but the untouchables were not allowed to touch the water of the tank or enter the temple.



The deeds of the holy man reached the king's ears. While he was happy that the stranger had done many good things for the village, he was most unhappy to learn that he was reviving untouchability. He sent one of his emissaries with the message that Mriganka should come to the royal court.

But Mriganka told the emissary, "Tell your king that I am not his subject. I am a hermit and I do not abide by any rule. If the king wishes to meet me, he may come here."

The emissary reported it to the king. Anybody who lived in the kingdom was bound by the laws

of the kingdom, be he the citizen of another kingdom or even a hermit. But King Bibhuti Dev did not like to go by the law. He came to meet the stranger.

Mriganka sat under a tree when the king approached him. Hundreds of men and women had gathered to hear the dialogue between the two.

The king came near the tree, but did not greet Mriganka.

"You seem to be very proud of your position," said Mriganka, "for you forget your duty to bow to a holy man."

"Don't mind my plain talk, but I don't consider you a holy man. One who brands some human

beings as untouchable cannot be called holy!" said the king.

"How dare you say so? The ancient religious books have upheld the caste system! I am only working according to them!" said Mriganka in a loud voice.

"I don't believe that. The ancient books had said that different people had different attitudes and that they should be allowed to work accordingly. Why do you forget that the ancient books repeatedly asked us to look at every human being as a creature of God? Why do you forget that the sun, the air, the sea, the river, do not recoil



from a so called untouchable? Do you think that the sun and the moon and the air are less holy than you are? I thank you for the good works you have done, but I ask you to leave my kingdom," said the king.

"How dare you insult me? Do you know how powerful I am?" shrieked Mriganka. He waved his hand and at once there were a hundred snakes. Then he waved his hand again and the snakes became birds and flew away. He uttered a magic word and a ferocious tiger sprang up. He patted the tiger on the back and it became a cat.

"Did you see?" he asked the king.

"Yes, I saw and I understood that you have some supernatural powers. But there is a great difference between such powers and spirituality. You are a kind of wizard. I refuse to accept any miracle as a proof of divinity. I am absolutely sure that you are causing a great harm to my kingdom by spreading feelings of superiority and inferiority in the name of castes. Today you are here, tomorrow you shall go—either to some other place or to the realm of death. But the division among men you are



encouraging may continue to live. Such divisions are false!" said the king.

"False? Do you mean to say that I am preaching false things? All right. I challenge you to spend a full day and a night amidst the untouchables. At night a godly power will tell you whether you are right or wrong. Tomorrow you must appear before the people and narrate your dream. If in your dream you are told that I am wrong, say so and I will go away. But if you are told in your dream that I am right, you must become my disciple and obey whatever I say!" said Mriganka.



"Very well," said the king.

"But you must speak the truth," said Mriganka.

"Very well," said the king.

The king straight went to the hamlet of the untouchables and relaxed amidst them. They were a humble lot. They felt awfully embarrassed that they could not offer a seat or a bed which would be reasonably worthy of a king. But the king found them kind, courteous and intelligent. He was sorry to see the miserable condition in which they lived. He decided that he must devote more time and resources to improve their condition.

He ate with relish what the

poor folk gave him. He slept on the verandah of a cottage while the poor people lay around the cottage, guarding him.

A luminous figure appeared to the king in his dream and said, "O King, why do you dispute the actions of the holy man? These untouchable people are destined to suffer. In fact, they were sinners in their previous lives and they deserve to be in hell. But the problem is, there is no more space in hell. That is why they have been given human bodies, but it has been so arranged that they shall suffer the pangs of hell even in life! I advise you to apologise to the holy man in the morning and return to your palace quietly."

"How can I apologise to him when I know fully well that he is wrong and I am right?" the king asked the luminous figure in his dream.

"You must apologise to him. Otherwise you will suffer from a terrible disease. Secondly, you must narrate your dream truthfully before the crowd; otherwise you shall die," said the figure.

The king's dream ended. He sat up and prayed to God and said, "Be with me, O Supreme Lord, I will speak the truth."



which I believe, come what may!”

The king got ready and went to meet Mriganka and the crowd.

“Did you dream something memorable?” asked Mriganka.

“Yes, I did,” said the king. Then, looking at the crowd, he said, “My dear people, I tell you that this man whom you think to be holy is the incarnation of some hostile force. Through miracles he has dazed you. Because he has built a temple for you, you think that he has shown you the path to

heaven, but by teaching you to hate your fellowmen, he has paved your path to hell! Remember this, even if I die!”

The people stood stunned. Suddenly Mriganka assumed his true form, the form of a gundharva, and said “I hail the king because he is truthful to his Swadharma, his own conviction. I am not hostile, though I behaved like that to test the king. The king has passed the test!”

And the gundharva disappeared

ZEBRA'S SPECIALITY

Teacher: Kripa, did you visit the zoo yesterday?

Kripa: Yes, Madam! It was wonderful.

Teacher: Which of the animals fascinated you most?

Kripa: The zebra, of course.

Teacher: Tell me, Kripa, what did the zebra have which other animals did not have?

Kripa (After some thinking): The little zebras, her kids!



“THE FELINE HAS BECOME LEONINE”

“What is the difference between *Enquire* and *Inquire*?” asks D.K. Mehta, Bombay.

One is only a variation of the other, both meaning the same thing. *Enquiry* is more prevalent in Great Britain. In India *Inquiry* is more formal than *Enquiry*. If an investigation is conducted on some situation, our newspapers are more likely to refer to it as an *Inquiry* than *Enquiry*.

“Who is a *free-booter*?” asks J. Simon of Trivandrum. It is a single word — without a hyphen. A *freebooter* is a pirate or one who is looking for a booty free, a plunderer.

“*The feline has become leonine*: What does it mean?” asks Supriya Dikshit of Ahmedabad.

Feline means cat-like. *Leonine* means lion-like. It is difficult to say what the author of the sentence meant apart from describing someone's change from a lowly status to an important status. Whether it is a tribute or a sarcasm, can be ascertained only with reference to the context.

Several Popes bear the name Leo. Hence *Leonine* also can mean something concerning one of them. For example, a *Leonine decree* is a decree made by Pope Leo. *Leonine* is also a kind of Latin verse. But the sentence in question does not seem to have anything to do with any of these meanings.





Is the Gita as we know it today the original one?

—Zeeshan Rashid, Calcutta

Yes, there are no two opinions about it. The Gita is a complete work by itself and from its style it is evident that it was composed by one person. However, the Mahabharata, the great epic of which the Gita is a part, is much bigger than what it was originally. Later poets have enlarged it, but nobody has interfered with the Gita. Some scholars believe that the Gita was not a part of the Mahabharata originally. It existed as a separate text. But since its backdrop was the Mahabharata War and it was a dialogue between Krishna, the Divine Guide and Arjuna, the faithful follower, in natural course it was incorporated in the Mahabharata.

Why is the Television referred to as the *Idiot Box*?

—Sonu Chakraborty, Dombivli (West)

The Television is often misused by the people behind it. In the West, many people, particularly the intelligent youth, were fed up with the elements of violence and vulgarity broadcast by the TV. The commercials (advertisements) are sometimes most irritating for the way they try to lure people to buy things. It is quite possible that those who grow addicted to such programmes lose their capacity for original thinking and spoil their taste and tend to turn idiots. The term *Idiot Box* is significant because it has several mixed emotions behind it. It combines self-criticism of the viewers with their complaint against the TV.

Readers are welcome to send such queries on culture, literature or general knowledge which should be of interest to others too, for brief answers from the Chandamama.





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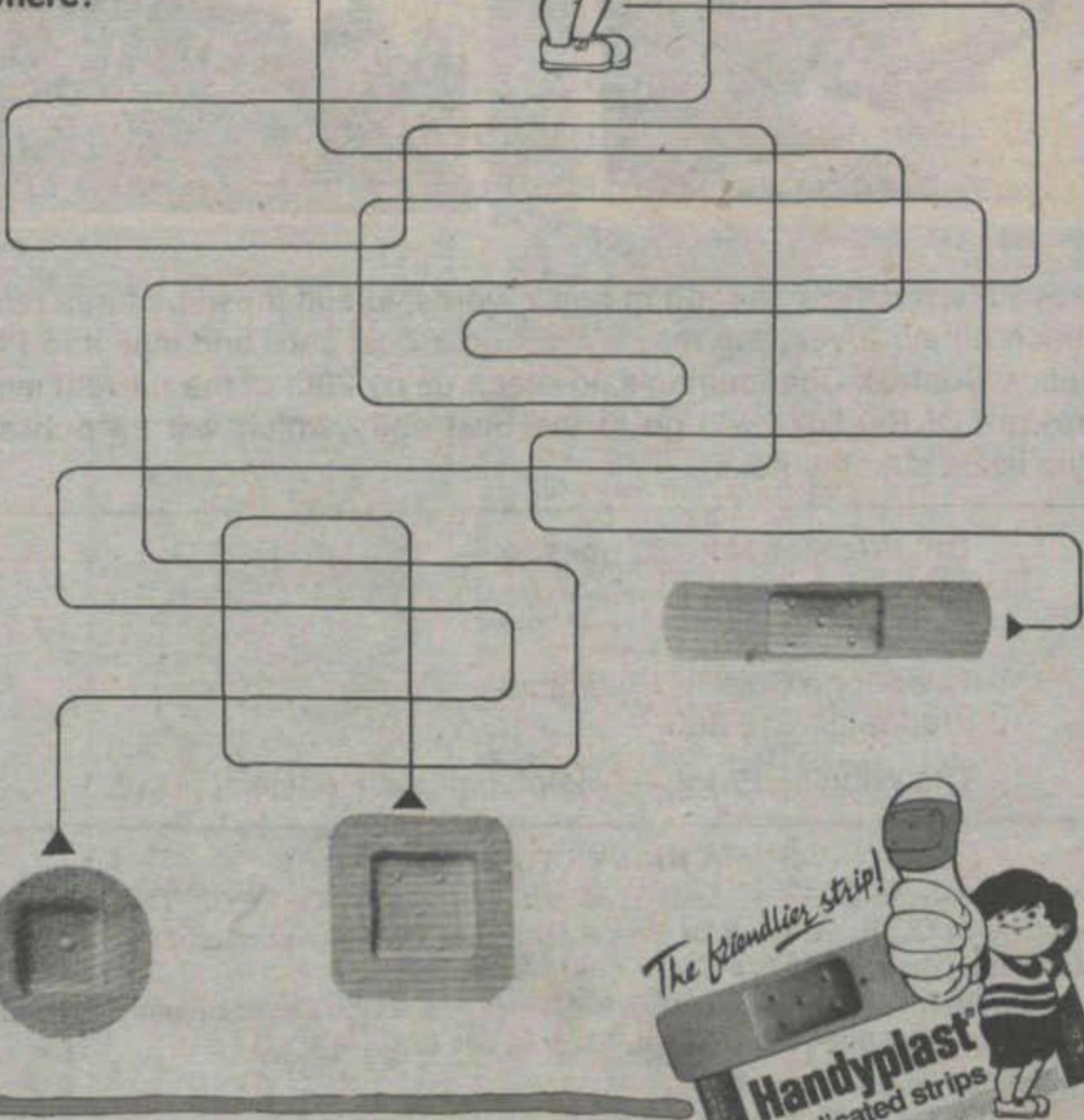


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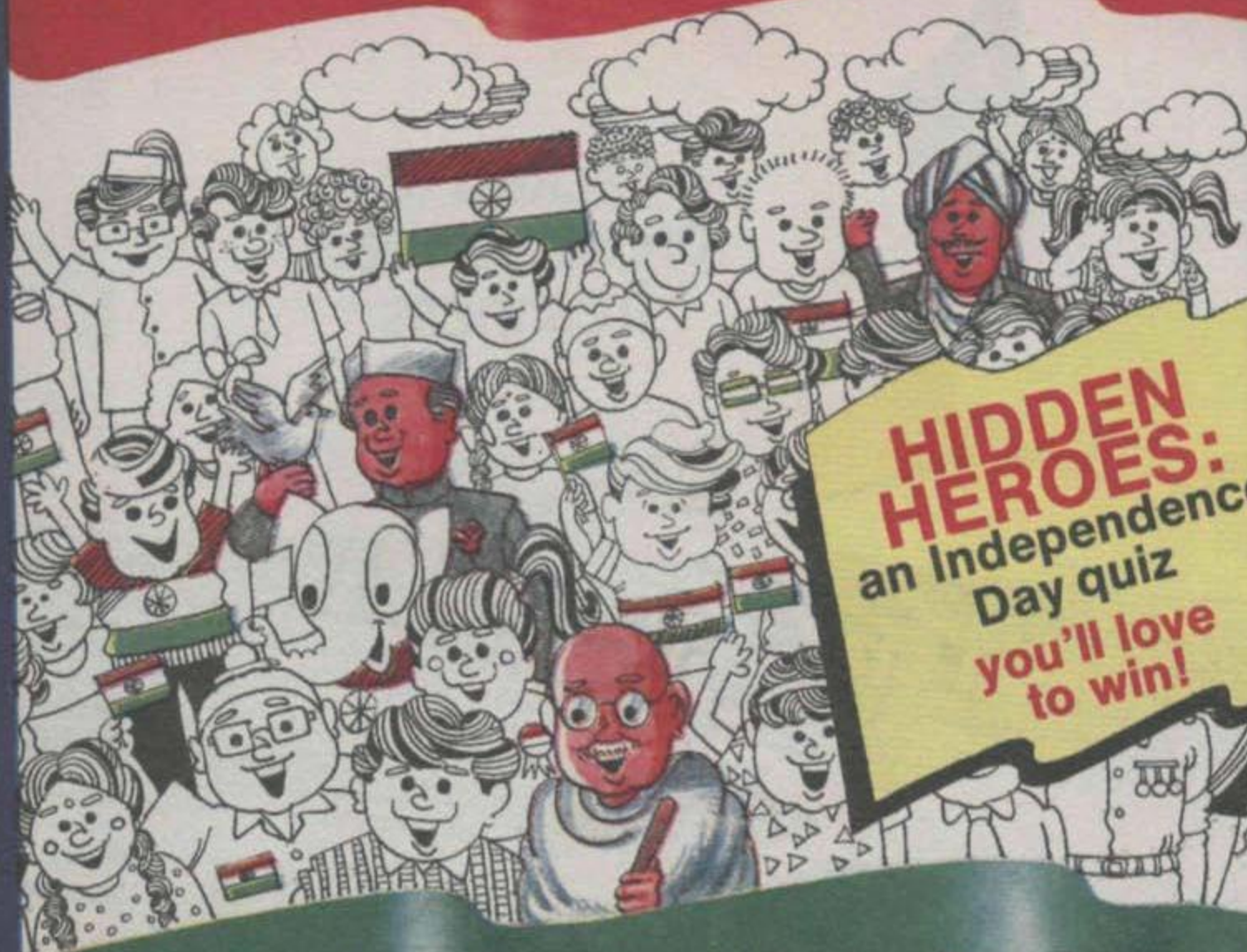


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